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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Take Your Medicine

THIS American community just now is divided more sharply than usual, into three classes that fluctuate in numbers according to the weather, the stock market, the last book read, the most recent conversation, and the day's news. They are the defeatists, the indifferents, and the optimists.

For the defeatists we recommend, first of all, a heavy dosage of poetry, especially the poetry of men who were tried in trying times—John Donne, Herbert, Milton, Dryden, Wordsworth, A. E. Housman, Thomas Hardy. They badly need that lightening of the ego which comes with full realization that the universe is always groaning and travailing toward some far off event, which may or may not be divine but is certain to illustrate the extraordinary elasticity of spirit in the creature called man. Science is dangerous reading for a defeatist, since it supplies quite as much proof that we are all bound for chaos as evidence that there are abundant means available for avoiding catastrophe if only man were a reasonable animal. And the defeatists simply drug themselves on the more serious contemporary fiction and drama. They find there the younger generation gone to the devil and the older generations dogged by complexes (Eugene O'Neill) or afflicted with congenital stupidity (Professor Pitkin, who does not write novels or plays but produces the same effect). In a period of realism those who are looking for disaster are sure to find it in literature, and it is not good for them, because in fiction or drama nothing can be done about it. The sordid tragedy is complete, and being a created world of its own, in which all the elements are blended to suit the philosophy of the novelist, there is no recourse to other experience. Defeatist readers experience it vicariously, and it remains in their imagination as a life. Whereas life itself is never so simple, and even when it is worse has outlets and indications toward the better.

The indifferents, on the other hand, should read science. There, in the astonishing output of books written by the erudite for the unlearned which in the last few years have shown the scientist at last beginning to realize that all his researches are dust and ashes unless the

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To a Friend

(Who cherishes a Vial of Poison; accompanied by the Gift of an Ancient Japanese Brocade.)

By ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

THAT keen blade which the Samurai of old
Kept bright, to be his dear and ruthless friend
On some far day of sunlight growing cold
And honor's self coming to bitter end—
That blade he cherished in a silken sheath
Of curious workmanship, in quaint disguise
Of calm and ancient fabric; there, beneath
The silk he guarded from the common eyes
His terrible, beloved, ancestral sword
Wherewith in last extremity could be stayed
Immitigable evils, and the word
Of time's worst insult quietly gainsaid . . .
Here, by safe messenger, I send, my lord,
A silken scabbard for your chosen blade.

Foch, Marshal of France*

By ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

NO more appropriate biographer could be imagined for the victor of 1918 than Captain Liddell Hart. For it seems not unlikely that the biographer may have a part to play in revolutionizing military theory not less significant than that of Foch himself in the annals of practical soldiership. Foch was instrumental in delivering the world from the bondage of German militarism. But Liddell Hart has essayed the task of drying up the very fountain head of that militarism, by freeing not only war but statesmanship from the bondage of Clausewitz. For if this obscure Prussian officer of the Napoleonic Wars had never put pen to paper, it is probable that many millions of lives would have been saved, and the world be a better and happier place today.

In what does the doctrine of Clausewitz consist? Simply this, that war is an act of violence unlimited in scope or means, and policy is its handmaid. Every military and moral consideration is to be subordinated to the swift and overwhelming assault on the enemy's main army, and there can be no relaxation of effort till that enemy's will to resist is broken, and his population has, in General Sheridan's phrase, only its eyes left to weep with. In 1914, all military and most political thought was of the strictest Clausewitzian orthodoxy. In consequence the disease of civilization, that is called war, was inflamed to a fever heat of almost fatal virulence.

Now, though Marshal Foch professed to derive his inspiration from Napoleon, the determining influence of his career was certainly that of Clausewitz. More than any other of the great commanders of the war he was a believer in the ruthless offensive, pushed home at all costs against the enemy's main army. It is just this brutal doctrine that Captain Liddell Hart, in a series of writings that are already among the classics of military literature, has set himself to refute. He has shown how decisive success is the result not of violence but of finesse; he has invited us to study the manœuvres of the young Bonaparte, in the first of his Italian campaigns, in which he overthrew the Austrians and Sardinians without fighting a pitched battle. He has analyzed the genius of Sherman, who, while Grant was indulging in none too successful butcher's work, manœuvred rather than fought the Confederacy into ruin. He has shown how the world's most brilliant commanders, Scipio Africanus, Genghis Khan, Marshal de Saxe, were believers not in crude violence, but in the indirect approach. Like Japanese wrestlers, they were exquisitely skilled in applying just that amount of pressure that causes hostile violence to defeat itself.

No greater test of a biographer's quality could be imagined than that imposed on Captain Liddell Hart of appreciating a commander whose career was one long defiance of every principle that he, the biographer, is out to advocate. The result might easily have been a display of crude iconoclasm, with some such sub-title as "Feet of Clay" or "An Idol Dethroned." But Captain Liddell Hart is too faithful to his own doctrine of the indirect approach to be betrayed into anything so inartistic. He handles Foch, as Izaac Walton handled the worm on his hook—as if he loved him. So consistently is the attitude maintained that the book has been enthusiastically received, by some of Captain Liddell Hart's English critics, as a worthy panegyric of one of the world's greatest captains.

But a biographer would be more than human, if in the course of five hundred pages he never allowed the mask to slip off for a moment. One dictum of Foch is too much even for Captain Liddell Hart's impassivity. "Intellect, criticism—pah! A donkey who has character is more useful." On which the comment is as follows:

> The verdict has the ring of truth, but shows only one face of the coin. Yet in its one-sidedness it is fully true of Foch, and provides yet another contrast between him and Napoleon. For was it not Napoleon who scornfully said of his English foes . . . that theirs was an army of lions led by donkeys? Might not that criticism have been repeated a century later when that army was led by a Marshal of France?
>
> But oh, that a Marshal of France should

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* "Foch, the Man of Orleans." By Captain H. B. Liddell Hart. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1932. $4.

The Fruit of the Tree

THE DEGRADATION OF SCIENCE. By T. SWANN HARDING. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1931.
Reviewed by HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

Some flowerets of Eden remain to us still,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all.

THE serpent in this modern economic Eden of ours that looked so bright and promising one hundred years — yea, verily, three years—ago is the profit motive. More subtile than any beast of the field, this serpent has insinuated its slimy length into every department of business and professional life, until it has profaned and corrupted science itself, which we thought to be the very fruit of the Tree of Knowledge of Good and Evil, much to be desired because in the day we ate of it we should be as gods. But as administered to us through the medium of the profit motive, this fruit has proved bitter in our mouths, deceptive, and devitalizing. Our indulgence in it is not only driving us out of our Eden, but destroying that Eden itself.

This is the central theme of Mr. Harding's volume, and on the whole he substantiates it very effectively.

It is best not to read this book more than a few pages at a time unless one has a very tough emotional digestion. The concrete instances with which its pages reek of corruption, venality, trickery, deception, and greed in every economic and political walk of life, and the multifarious ways in which every branch of science prostitutes itself to business in the carrying out of these objectives are enough to make one physically nauseated if taken in large doses.

Taking up in succession business and commerce in general, journalism, religion, politics, the law, dentistry, pharmacy, medicine, and education the author demonstrates with an abundance of detail the extent to which, on the one hand, the practitioners in each of these fields are dominated by the crude profit motive, and derive their power and authority much

This Week

"MUSIC IN AMERICAN LIFE."
Reviewed by THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE.

"THE WISDOM OF THE BODY."
Reviewed by YANDELL HENDERSON.

"JONATHAN DREW."
Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS.

"TOBACCO ROAD."
Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"LIFE AND ANDREW OTWAY."
Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

"SAMUEL SEABURY."
Reviewed by M. R. WERNER.

"RETURN TO YESTERDAY."
Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD.

HUMAN BEING.
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

ASK ME AGAIN! A Literary Test.

Next Week, or Later

"EXPRESSION IN AMERICA."
Reviewed by JOHN MACY.

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less from capacity and will to serve their fellow men than from sheer acquisitive ability, and, on the other hand, scientists of every name are allowing themselves to become the tools, the puppets, the mercenaries of those whose one goal is not good but gold. Even the social scientists, whose peculiar function, it might seem, would seem to be to guide society along the paths of genuine progress and well-being, are caught in the same meshes of a vicious system, lost in the maze of trickery and falsehood. Particularly with reference to economics and economists, in the accepted use of those terms, Mr. Harding will find abundant support for his vehement vilifications. For there exists, beyond a doubt, a profound and widespread feeling of disillusionment and resentment toward that particular group of "experts" who have presumed to interpret and guide our business and financial course, and cannot evade a partial responsibility for the morass in which we find ourselves.

The economics of the nineteenth century was characterized by exaltation of the efficacy of the materialistic motive, particularly as exemplified in the search for profits, and in the *laissez-faire* doctrine of social and governmental responsibility. These two, as truly portrayed in Mr. Harding's book, have gone hand in hand, in mutual support of each other, through a century and a half of industrial development, political evolution, and social expansion. They have come to be cherished shibboleths, accepted axioms of assumedly scientific analysis. But now they are rapidly coming to be regarded as merely academic "stuffed shirts." Whatever validity they may justly claim is of the past. Viewed in the light of contemporary conditions they are destined to a very drastic deflation.

The doctrine of *laissez-faire* originated as one aspect of a philosophic doctrine, including such other ideas as natural liberties and inalienable rights, which represented a protest in the interest of the common man against the privilege, favoritism, and arbitrary application of power that characterized European society in the eighteenth century. They were useful in meeting a human need of the time, and accordingly were, in the pragmatic sense, true. But they have proved themselves basically unadapted to the requirements of modern times, and today are flagrantly and disastrously false.

As a principle of practical social administration, *laissez-faire* rested on certain assumptions. The first was a personal relation between producer and consumer, and an individual responsibility on the part of the producer. The second, was a limited market, in which the same consumer returned to the same producer repeatedly. The third, and most important, was the ability of the consumer to judge the product. The first two of these need no detailed discussion; the third should be clearly understood if one is to grasp the nature of modern economic futility.

Perhaps the most significant feature of contemporary economic philosophy and procedure, themselves the result of the theory and practice of the nineteenth century, is the exaltation of the producer and his requirements over the consumer and his needs. The basic law of economic science, the "immutable law of supply and demand," has in fact been reversed. This law, in so far as it can be definitely stated at all, holds that goods are produced when and as they are wanted. Our characteristic procedure today is to produce the goods first, and then try to create a demand for them by all the Machiavellian devices of high pressure salesmanship, illusive advertising, and alluring instalment plans. In times like the present it even becomes a patriotic duty to buy. And just here is where the scientist gets drawn into the picture. In these days of tin cans, package goods, cellophane, and highly elaborated and artificialized products, the consumer is quite unable to judge the quality of his purchases by their external appearance. What he desires is some assurance that they are reliable, useful, and reasonably cheap. Since science is the accepted source of final authority on these points, he can be wholly satisfied by what appears to him reliable scientific assurance that he is getting what he pays for. This scientific testimony is furnished—and how! For innumerable illustrations one need only thumb the pages of the volume in hand. But instances occur to any one who has ever read a magazine or traveled on a subway. "It's toasted." "It's never parched or toasted." "Our scientists have determined exactly the right size for a cigarette." "Made by a dentist."

So the purveyors of every known commodity and service, actuated by the profit motive, seek for scientists and pseudo-scientists who will express in impressive, though meaningless or misleading, technical balderdash the claims that they make for what they have to offer. And scientists and pseudo-scientists, actuated by the profit motive, lend their knowledge of Greek and Latin roots, their names, and such prestige as they may have, to these devastating campaigns. And governments, actuated by the *laissez-faire* doctrine and the glamor of rugged individualism, keep hands off the mad merry-go-round, when they are not actually drawn into the meleé as active participators.

A characteristic example of the whole procedure is the account of Pepsodent. Here is a dentrifice which, according to our author, bases its primary appeal to the public upon pseudo-scientific claims which are entirely without foundation. But because there was money available, the backers of this product were able to secure the services of a couple of (for some mysterious reason) popular comedians, and to employ one of the latest achievements of physical science to broadcast these claims to countless millions of people, who, bemused by the prevalent psychology of advertising, and convinced that so many million dollars could not be wrong, buy this very dubious product in sufficient quantity to keep the gay ball rolling.

Of course, the writing of a book of this type is a very difficult and risky undertaking. Not only does the author lay himself open to the charge of libel, against which he may partially defend himself by sufficient verbatim quotation, but he is almost certain to fall into serious scientific error himself. One who undertakes to be critical in every field of science, is likely sometimes to make a poor choice of authorities. Mr. Harding criticizes Mr. Wiggam and other popularizers for errors of this kind. Yet he himself stumbles into precisely the same pitfall. This is well illustrated by his references to immigration, which he describes as "another sphere in which scientific knowledge has been persistently ignored." Of the less than two pages which he devotes to the subject about half is given to quotations from an article by Professor Spengler, entirely ignoring the vast literature on the subject from at least equally authoritative sources, including the forty volume report of the Federal Immigration Commission, one of the most thoroughly scientific documents ever produced by a governmental authority, one which had a direct and positive influence on subsequent legislation. In point of fact, the immigration law of the United States is a shining example of a body of legislation that has been built up in accordance with scientific requirements, and in the face of the persistent and bitter opposition of business interests.

Mr. Harding is much too cocksure in accepting the testimony of certain scientists as against that of other scientists. He seems to have the impression that reviewers are on the whole better authorities than authors, whereas, in certain fields at least, the general rule is just the opposite. He criticizes Mr. Wiggam for expounding certain genetic doctrines different from those enunciated by Mr. Guyer several years later. After all, science is by no means so final and immutable as the dogmatist would imply. A great deal in Mr. Harding's book will look just as queer, twenty-five years from now, as some of the things that Mr. Wiggam accepts. One further criticism of this book, of a stylistic sort, is that at times the language so lacks clarity that it is difficult to tell whether certain authors referred to have *made* certain errors or *exposed* them. For example, Mr. Harding speaks of "the unbelievable ignorance of business men and industrialists as exhibited in" books by Mr. Polakov and Mr. Gantt. The context seems to indicate that these men have portrayed the ignorance of others.

Perhaps the principal shortcoming of the book, however, is its failure to present a comprehensive philosophical analysis of the true role of science in human betterment. The author seems to suffer to a certain degree from the prevalent illusion as to the efficacy of science, which in fact contributes directly to its degradation.

We live in a scientific age, and science has become a fetish, that is, an object worshipped for qualities which it is believed to possess, but really lacks. We have come to look to science for the solution of all problems. But the truth is that science does not, and cannot, offer the solution for any problems of final interest. Science merely furnishes the instrumentalities for the solution of problems. Every problem involves a final objective, and all final objectives are axiomatic. Science can never prove what is good, or beautiful. It can prove what is true and useful only in respect to certain postulated values. The sooner we stop looking to science as the one reliable guide to the good life, the sooner will we be able to set our feet hopefully on the path that leads there.

Mr. Harding really sees this, as is shown by his emphatic deprecation of narrow specialization, and his insistent demand for a broad vision of human affairs, and an interpretation of the minutiæ of any science in the light of the general meaning of all science. But he does not make it sufficiently clear that the real leaders in our advance to the promised land will be operating not as scientists but as philosophers or humanitarians. What the world needs is persons who can function at the same time both as scientists and as men, as social beings. Mr. Harding's book will unquestionably contribute powerfully to the development of such leadership.

Henry Pratt Fairchild is professor of sociology at New York University, and has been associated with many movements for social betterment. He is the author of numerous books, among them "Elements of Social Science," and "The Foundations of Social Life."

Marshal of France

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be written down . . . the same as Dogberry!

But that is the solitary lapse into what we might call direct attack. Throughout all the rest of the book, Captain Liddell Hart is scrupulously determined not only to give Foch his due, but to advance everything that can possibly be said in his favor. His words and actions are allowed to speak for themselves, and every reader may come to his own conclusions.

It is a forceful personality that is revealed to us. If Foch possessed no other element of genius, he certainly was endowed, in overflowing measure, with what his fellow-countryman, Bergson, characterizes as *élan vital*. His reactions were explosive to an extent remarkable even in a Gascon. Like General Gordon, he had full faith in his own inspiration, and was impatient of the slow and balanced processes of reason. His method, as Captain Liddell Hart does not fail to point out, was that subsequently applied to medicine by M. Coué. He eschewed diagnosis for suggestion—and auto-suggestion. Listen to him instructing a subordinate commander in a tight situation:

> Turning to his staff, he said with a pointed gesture, "Clear out!" They did not wait for a repetition of the order, but from outside heard him say, his voice rising: "I won't hear anything! You understand! I won't hear anything! I'm deaf! I only know three ways of fighting—Attack—Hold on—Clear out! I forbid the last. Choose between the first two.

Now this sort of thing may have its uses as a tonic, but it is an easy sort of generalship that seeks a way out of all difficulties by the opposition of human bodies to a storm of lead and steel. Good generalship is a matter of the exactest possible calculation; every situation demands different measures, and there is no panacea for victory. But Foch imagined himself possessed of such a panacea in his parrot cry of *"Attaquez! Attaquez!"* in every emergency. This is exactly as if a business man were to imagine that he had discovered the secret of successful investment in a policy of perpetual "bullishness." Never sell out! If the shares slump, never cut your losses, but borrow what you haven't got to double your commitments. In business this is called by another name than heroism.

Of course, if you do these things with the bodies of other men, instead of with your own money, and if after losing tens of hundreds of thousands, you are continually supplied with fresh bodies to gamble with, the time may come when you may chance to go bull on a rising market, and then you will be applauded as one of the great captains of history. It is this that happened to Foch. At Morhange, on the Marne, at the second Ypres, in Artois, on the Somme, Foch had done no more than to run up a butcher's bill for his own side enormously in excess of that exacted from the enemy. On none of these occasions did he display any higher quality than an inexhaustible but fatally misdirected energy. It was only in the late summer of 1918, when the Germans were coming to the end of their resources in food and manpower, and the decisive intervention of the American army was beginning to weigh down the scale, that the attacking policy was crowned with victory.

In spite of the fact that Foch filled the post of Commandant at the École de Guerre, and wrote a well-known treatise on the "Conduct of War," it is plain from Captain Liddell Hart's pages that he never realized how fundamentally the whole art of war had been changed by the application to it of modern, scientific invention. He continued, up to the eve of the Great War, "to assume that another war would be so parallel in conditions to 1870 that he had gone far enough when he found where the leadership in that war had gone wrong." He dismissed the lessons of the Japanese War on the ground that they "are neither complete nor of immediate interest to us." The 1909 edition of his text-book "contained scarcely a mention of the material side of war. Not a word of machine guns nor of barbed wire, which might so seriously upset his calculations. His material short-sightedness was also exemplified in a comment he made in 1910 when watching the aeronautical Circuit de l'Est: " 'That's good sport, but for the army the æroplane is of no value.' "

"He was," as Captain Liddell Hart puts it, "a preacher rather than a teacher." And his preaching came near to effecting the irretrievable ruin of his country. For his prize pupil was a certain Colonel de Grandmaison, who went beyond Foch himself in his blind ardor for the offensive, and was the chief of the "young Turks" on the French General Staff who were responsible for the famous and suicidal Plan XVII, the most expeditious method that could possibly have been devised for getting the French *poilus* massacred wholesale in their pretty blue coats and red trousers, by German machine-gun fire. It is at least to Foch's credit that he was afflicted with a rather milder form of this insanity than that of the extreme Young Turks and even, at the beginning of the war, commanded trenches to be dug in front of Nancy, though only by way of providing a jumping off point for the offensive that was shot to pieces at Morhange.

It is perhaps a tribute to the forcefulness of his personality, that quite early in the war he had become a figure of legend. Everyone has heard the story—so convincingly narrated in the pages of that great military authority, Mr. Hilaire Belloc—of how Foch, by launching a single division at the critical moment, turned the tide at the first Battle of the Marne. He was even credited with the melodramatic telegram, "My right routed, my centre retiring, situation excellent, I attack with my left." As Wellington remarked of "Up guards and at 'em," so Foch might have echoed, "I never said anything so ridiculous." That legend of the

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Marne has now, one dares hope, been finally disposed of. The one true element about it was the part about Foch's right and center. The Germans, in fact, came nearer to making a break through on Foch's sector of the front than on any other, and the reason they retired was that the thrust of British Expeditionary Force into the gap between von Kluck and von Bülow, far away on Foch's left, had started a general retreat. When the 42nd division made its celebrated advance, the enemy had already left.

There is another, similar, legend of the Marne, to the effect that in July, 1918, Foch repeated on a grand scale the supposed manœuvre of the 42nd division, dislocating Ludendorff's last offensive by a brilliantly timed counter-attack in the direction of Soissons. What really happened is much less sensational. The attack was one of a series of partial counter-offensives that Foch had planned to win back parts of the ground recently captured by the Germans, and was not designed as a *riposte*. Though its effects were considerable, it had, in Captain Liddell Hart's opinion, by no means the decisive importance that has sometimes been attributed to it.

The popular conception of Foch as the master strategist and tactician, is, in fact, shown to be entirely without foundation. Foch is in no sense to be numbered among the soldiers of commanding intellect, such as Scipio, Marlborough, and Sherman, nor had he that coolness of judgment which was the distinguishing quality of Wellington, and is of Marshal Pétain. He was neither an artist nor a scientist of war—his talents resembled more closely those of a faith-healer. For he had an invincible confidence in himself and his cause; never for a moment did he admit the possibility of defeat. When his friend, General Wilson, pressed him to declare, during the dark days of April, 1918, whether, in the last resort, he would let go Paris or the Channel Ports, his answer was, "I shall let nothing go." "But if you really have to?" "I shall hold on and defend both: nothing shall be let go. There is nothing to let go." And he was proud to be able to add, in retrospect, "I did not let anything go."

But he had nothing of that magnetism that commands the devotion of subordinates and made the presence of Napoleon on the field of battle equivalent to a reinforcement of 40,000 men. His was a hard, and rather inhuman character. Except in one or two intimate friends, like Weygand and Henry Wilson, he does not seem to have inspired affection. His harsh and explosive temper made him feared by his officers; to the men he was but a symbol. How little he possessed of the old French chivalry may be seen by his brutally rude reception of the German delegates who came to ask for the Armistice. He had heard the Prussian cannon thundering for the cession of Metz, and perhaps the irony of that humiliation had entered into his soul. For he was a very bitter man, with none of the homely *bonhomie* that endears to us the portly figure of Father Joffre.

Such as he was, he stands revealed before us in this memorable biography. It is fitting that the most bloody and brainless war of all time should have ended with Ferdinand Foch triumphant over a world in ruins. But it is, perhaps, too much to hope that Captain Liddell Hart's all too subtle irony will be appreciated by a public wedded to the faith that those who win great wars must themselves be great.

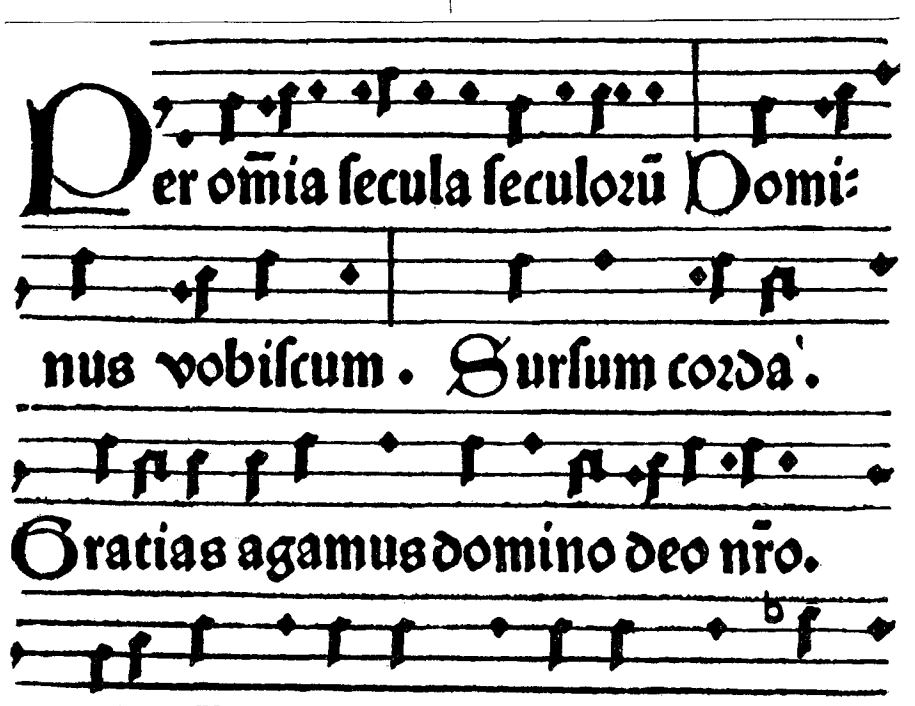
"Progress," says the correspondent to the London *Observer*, "is the watchword in Rome just now. The famous Café Greco has succumbed to the call of the modern bar and the cocktail.

The long, low room where Lawrence, Byron, Shelley, Turner, and hundreds of painters and poets from the whole world sipped coffee and discussed art, has vanished. It is divided now into two by a prosaic partition, and the part nearer the old glass doors, with the words 'founded in 1720' painted in faded gold capitals, has a bar with a barman and an army of cocktail shakers to attract the men and women who think strong waters are better than coffee and conversation."

Music and the Public

MUSIC IN AMERICAN LIFE. By A. D. ZANZIG. New York: Oxford University Press. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS WHITNEY SURETTE

THIS book is the result of a survey made by the author for the National Recreation Association. It covers all kinds of activity in music: schools, communities, churches, orchestras, radio concerts, etc., and embraces all sections of the country. It is a valuable book for anyone to read who wants to get at our status as a musical nation (about which we indulge in considerable self-deception), and it reveals some astonishing accomplishments here and there concerning which the general reader is quite uninformed. And these accomplishments are so fine that one naturally asks why they are not duplicated all over the country. What special virtue, for example, has Flint, Michigan, over other communities? Why is it that all sorts of fine music flourish there? There is no special national group in Flint. It is not largely German, for example, but seems to be a typical American manufacturing town with the usual schools, churches, rotary club, chamber of music, etc.

AN EXAMPLE OF SONG WRITING DATING FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

The answer is found, as usual, in the persons who have impressed themselves on the community not only by their skill as musicians but by their human qualities and their belief that good music is for everybody. This is so axiomatic that one wonders why so few people know it. To suppose that the emotional and intellectual processes of Beethoven, for example, do not spring from a common humanity in which we all share, is to suppose a complete absurdity. But our people at large are not given opportunity to find this out. So when musicians with this kind of belief and equipment go to work in an American community, it immediately blossoms forth. Bach, Palestrina, and Brahms belong in Flint, Michigan, just as much as anywhere else, for they are above nationality and belong to everyone.

This book reveals an astonishing amount of support for music by civic organization of various kinds. In Winston-Salem, North Carolina; Ottawa, Kansas; Bangor, Maine; Springford, Vermont; Irvington, New Jersey; in Cincinnati, in Los Angeles and Glendale, California; in Denver, Colorado, and in Philadelphia, such support has been freely given. In 1928, Philadelphia appropriated ninety thousand dollars for its music bureau. On the other hand, in Santa Barbara, where a considerable sum has been given annually by one of our large foundations, the project has deteriorated steadily until it has become a bureau for supplying the people with concerts, and nearly all local effort has disintegrated.

The National Recreation Association itself has turned more and more to the belief that music is one of the most important means of furthering its own work and has exercised a wide influence in music activities all over the country.

One of the outstanding projects in music noted by Mr. Zanzig is the series of concerts of music by American composers given at the Eastman School of Music, Rochester, New York. Under the wise direction of Dr. Howard Hansen, over twenty concerts of American compositions in symphonic form have been given there. This is an invaluable aid to our young composers who would otherwise have to wait years to hear their works performed and, in the end, might never hear them. For after all we import most of our orchestral conductors, and their understanding of American life is necessarily limited.

Of course the source of a country's music lies in its public schools, and here the survey fails a little in not showing clearly enough the reverse side of the shield. For, after all, a survey should be an attempt to get at conditions as they are, all of them. And while it is highly desirable to expose what is good, it is also desirable to expose what is bad in order that it may perhaps be corrected. And if a stream is polluted at its source, we ought to know how, when, and where. What the survey does not show clearly is that the greater number of songs taught little children in our public schools are of a quality not only far below what the children deserve, but likely to pervert their natural good taste. If our supervisors would only cease producing plausible but dull songs and would give to the children nothing but folk-songs and (later) the music of great composers, we should find ourselves forging ahead by leaps and bounds.

Physiologically and psychologically, music knows no boundaries, no time, no place. In a Santa Barbara public school, I heard not long since a group of very small children containing eight nationalities (Orientals and Occidentals side by side) singing cheerfully and delightfully a simple folk-song. A quasi-philosophic conception of music, a divided scale, a great deal of what we call noise, all of which distinguish Oriental music, did not prevent the children of these old races from singing together spontaneously a beautiful song in our scale.

It is obvious, then, that our chief hope lies in an improvement in the administration of music in our primary public schools. For adults, group singing is the way out. Playing an instrument requires practice. Almost any one can learn to sing who gives it a good try. Constant listening to concerts does comparatively little to stimulate real feeling, for the listener has not sufficiently developed his inner powers. His ear hears but fails to record. He is constantly turned back on himself. He has an experience entirely too personal. He enjoys himself rather than the music. When he sings music with others, his mind, feelings, and imagination are stimulated. He *partakes!*

Mr. Zanzig refers to this matter, but not enough stress is laid on it. And since he is dealing here with amateurs, it would have been well to give lists of suitable music, for the difference between the best and the second best is not immediately obvious to all people.

Surveys and statistics are the bane of our national life. We substitute them for real action. We pigeonhole them after they are done. Do we seek the truth? We appoint a commission. Here is a book, for once, that can be followed up. Ways are opened for good efforts in all directions. Mr. Zanzig evidently has a fine capacity for awakening sympathy in people generally and a fine skill in dealing with them. Let us hope that the National Recreation Association will not fail to take advantage of the opportunities it presents.

Thomas Whitney Surette is the founder and director of the Concord Summer School of Music. He was at one time director of music in the Cleveland Museum of Art, and at another in Bryn Mawr College. Among his publications are "The Development of Symphonic Music" and "Music and Life."

The New Physiology

THE WISDOM OF THE BODY. By WALTER B. CANNON. New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by YANDELL HENDERSON

There is a peculiar effect of some letters from a friend in which we seem, less to read words, than to hear the voice of the writer telling his thoughts with that color of emotion that only the human voice can fully convey. Such is the effect that this book has on the reviewer. It recalls many an evening after the meeting of the Physiology Society was over, after a long day of hearing scientific papers, when Cannon and I have talked far into the night. Then he told me of the experiments, the failures, the puzzling observations, and the illuminating ideas that had come to him since last we talked. Here he presents them to the reader.

The chief theme of Dr. Cannon's book, the "wisdom" that the author finds in the living body, is its extraordinary self-regulating capacity that, through the whole of a long lifetime and under the most diverse external conditions, maintains the "internal environment" nearly uniform. Body temperatures, blood pressure, the sugar reserve, the salt content of the blood, and innumerable other features are automatically regulated to that uniformity of state that Cannon calls "homeostasis." This constitutes health. Deviation from homeostasis is disease, as the physiologist sees it. Symptoms are usually the expression of the attempt of the system to recover homeostasis.

Science is supposed to be cool, impartial, impersonal; but it is so supposed only by those who are not scientists. It is intensely personal to the man whose whole life is bound up in learning whether or not glycogen accumulates in the liver under certain conditions, or whether the lipoids of the blood are increased or decreased; whether or not the pupil of a cat's eye will dilate or the hair on its back bristle when a dog barks outside its cage after certain nerves have been cut.

These are, to be sure, little things. But it is out of these little things, each interesting and important in itself only to a small group of investigators, that the whole fabric of a new and, as we hope, a better civilization is being woven in scientific laboratories. It is such little things, pieced together like a jig saw puzzle, which show the true pattern of nature. Such an understanding of nature has freed us from the scourges of the major diseases, and is now developing into that comprehension of the inner economy and government of a living creature, or as Cannon puts it, the Wisdom of the Body, upon which the rational medicine of the future will be built.

In this book a master craftsman not only tells us of science, but shows the spirit and the life of a scientist. It is a spirit of emulation, generous yet proud when it can say of a discovery: "Anyone might have found it, but the whisper came to me." It is a life in which

> The reward is in the doing,
> And the rapture of pursuing
> Is the prize.

It is a life of which the American public has yet little understanding, but which is appreciated in Europe. The standpoint

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of European scholarship has been illustrated recently in an article by our colleague Lusk, who tells how in the laboratory of old Professor Voit in Munich, where the foundations of our present knowledge of nutrition were laid a generation ago this occurred:

> One day I burned my hand with ether. To relieve the pain a servant was sent to buy cocaine. I offered to pay for it, but money was refused. I was told I had done so much for the State that State funds would care for me in this trouble. What had I done for the State? I had given sugars, including some levulose, at that time a rare sugar which I had prepared myself, to diverse rabbits and had analyzed their livers for glycogen and their intestinal tracts for sugar. This was a new conception of service for the welfare of the State.

The writer of the "Wisdom of the Body" has deserved well of the State.

With its simple, clear, non-technical style this book should be read with pleasure, not merely by physicians interested in the developments of modern physiology, but by any person who finds accounts of nature stories more fascinating than fiction.

Yandell Henderson is professor of applied physiology in Yale University. He was from 1913-25 *consulting physiologist to the U. S. Bureau of Mines.*

A Yankee Fares Forth

THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF JONATHAN DREW, A ROLLING STONE. By CHRISTOPHER WARD. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

PREVIOUSLY known for his parodies of contemporary fiction, Mr. Ward has now written a picaresque novel which presents a remarkably amusing panorama of American society a little more than a century ago. It is a highly synthetic product; with a little labor, one might track Mr. Ward's footsteps through such travels as Ashe's, Melish's, and Fearon's, such tales as James Hall's, and old gazetteers and histories. But what is the harm in that? Defoe's "Captain Jack" and Smollett's "Count Fathom" and, still more conspicuously, Le Sage's "Gil Blas" were also products of synthesis, the authors smelting materials from old, neglected, and unpromising sources. The question is whether the work of fusion is done with consistency and vividness, whether the picaresque hero is made a real person, and whether there is both variety and depth in the study of the time. Mr. Ward has very notably succeeded. Now and then, in the flashing succession of adventures which befalls Jonathan Drew, verisimilitude is decidedly strained. As a whole, however, the book hits its mark as a diverting story and as a graphic record of the seamy side of American life in the eighteen-twenties.

The picaroon in this tale is a shrewd Yankee youth, nineteen or twenty years old, six feet tall, and while not an utter rascal, a man of sufficiently elastic principles to slip through any predicament. One predicament, in fact, crowds closely on the heels of another. It is creditable to Mr. Ward's art that not till we have been carried to the end do we really reflect that no single man could have met half so many adventures, met half so many villains, or viewed half so many aspects of the American scene. Jonathan Drew begins as a runaway apprentice and a partner of New England highwaymen, Captain Lightning being identifiable as a real Massachusetts robber of the period. Escaping when the captain is seized and hanged, he soon finds himself in New York as coachman, lover of an unhappily married lady, and unwilling associate of religious fanatics, several of these latter again being identifiable with real persons of the period. A yellow fever epidemic, described with vigor, enables him to deal justice to the foulest of these hypocrites and to leave the city light-heartedly. After visits to Philadelphia and Pittsburg, the frontier is passed in rapid review as far west as the Ozarks. It must be said that here there is a good deal that is conventional in the selection of materials. Offhand anyone who thinks of the West of this period will think of Ohio flatboats, wilderness camp-meetings, strolling players, gambling dens, gouging matches, and the cutthroats of Cave-in-Rock. They are all here. But Mr. Ward has sufficient ingenuity to add a good deal that no one would expect, while even the familiar materials are usually touched with freshness.

The two qualities most essential in any such story as this are movement and the ability to make detail seem real and convincing. The former Mr. Ward supplies in superabundance, often leaving us a bit breathless by the impetuosity of his stride. He compresses a world of action into 380 pages. The latter, the arresting and convincing detail, is furnished in a way that gives the narrative its chief distinction. Mr. Ward is not a Defoe or a Stevenson, but he does have an eye for the concrete fact, and when he tries he can render color, shape, size, and a hundred minor physical attributes as if he had really seen the man, the scene, or the object described. He does not always try, but when he does the result is not something extracted from a book, but visualized by the imagination. The chief objection to his use of detail is that he is rather romantic than realistic, and that when he describes a jail, a slum, a squalid frontier settlement, or a gang of ruffians it is in terms that are rather too picturesque. For a picaresque story, the satirical element is lacking. Dialect has been studied with care, and Yankee, New Yorker, Southerner, and Western backwoodsman all speak in their true voices. Manners and customs are also treated with correctness. The book can be commended as a decidedly readable story which really captures a great deal of the spirit and aspect of an interesting American era.

Poor Whites

TOBACCO ROAD. By ERSKINE CALDWELL. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. 1932. $2.50.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

LIKE a man watching an ant hill full of creatures far less intelligent than ants, Erskine Caldwell, in his new novel, "Tobacco Road," has written the story of the degraded life of a poor white family in the sand hills of Georgia. He has undertaken the supremely difficult task of presenting at the same time both the starvation and the ludicrousness in the lives of these people, and in general he has succeeded. Certainly he knows his material, and his scene and characters, though like a distortion of life in nightmare, carry, like no dream, the conviction of authenticity.

Jeeter Lester, his wife, Ada, his mother, a sixteen-year-old son, and an eighteen-year-old daughter, live in a tumbledown tenant house on wornout, abandoned land. They have no means of livelihood, few clothes, no food. The ten other Lester children who have left home to work in the mills around Augusta never come home and never write. Ada and the grandmother are dying of pellagra; the boy is mentally undeveloped; the girl, with a harelip, has a perfectly animal desire for a man. Into this group are introduced Sister Bessie, who, despite a past as a cheap prostitute and the absence of any developed nose, has become a lady preacher, and Lov Bensey, who married Ada's twelve-year-old daughter. For three of these the story ends in violent and fortuitous death; for the others, in a fresh start on the same road of degradation.

Dealing with characters too sodden of mind and slothful of body to possess positive vigor of any sort, Mr. Caldwell seems to have no intent that his book should be dramatic or moving. Yet so long as he holds his story and his characters in complete detachment, his book, realistic and grimly humorous, is interesting. Unfortunately, a single passage explaining the decay of the family in three generations gives a false note which breaks regrettably the hard style of the book. The characters are much more acceptable before this explanation than they ever are after it. The first scene, a scene of the lust of hungry men and women for a bag of turnips and of the turnip owner for the body of the harelipped girl, has about it a perfect animal reality and fascination.

"Tobacco Road" is strong meat. Too ludicrous for any free pity, too pitiful for any whole laughter, in it the people move from first to last like the still hungry but half-rotten dead.

A Small Town Man

LIFE AND ANDREW OTWAY. By NEIL BELL. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1932. $2.50

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

. . . and now at foot
Of heaven's ascent they lift their feet.
when, lo!
A violent cross wind from either coast
Blows them transverse ten thousand
leagues
awry
Into the devious air . . .

THUS the entrance to Limbo. And thus too many English novels, beginning with good intentions and a good equipment, come almost within reach of heaven; when, lo! a violent wind blows them "o'er the backside of the world"—right into the limbo of fantasy. I am thinking especially of novels of business success, of fortunes made and lost in the city, for in such novels prosperity comes only by some kind of magic, and wealth is matter for overblown fairy tales: indeed, several years before the gold standard disappeared, English novelists were expressing their fears for it, in their own way. Now fantasy, written for its own sake, has produced an occasional masterpiece; but fantasy which is accidental is the very Fool's Paradise of fiction, the place where good situations and good characters go when they cannot live up to their promise.

"Life and Andrew Otway" is in such a case. It is written by a novelist who will go a long way. It begins brilliantly and is usually entertaining. It will enjoy, I expect, a mild success, because whatever its faults may be it is better than most contemporary novels. But it is not good. It is uncertain whether or not to immolate its central character to an idea, with the result that the character is merely disfigured and the idea unsatisfied.

It is a story so long and so various that it must be condensed into a few sentences—with the assurance that those who wish for their money's worth of entertainment will not be disappointed in it. Andrew Otway is a small town tobacconist with a touch of genius in him—enough to upset his neighbors' propriety in any number of violent ways. He has an acute, but very wayward, business sense, which enables him to make a few pounds whenever his eccentricity and extravagance reduce him to penury. By way of a formula for unbreakable chinaware he becomes wealthy, goes to London, makes a huge fortune, and—through his inspired innocence—spends it in a variety of wrong ways. All the latter part of this story is fantasy—unintentional, heavy, and therefore wrong. With the fantasy we cannot be very harsh (for it must be difficult to write of English business with sobriety—one must go either mad drunk or melancholy drunk) but we can quarrel with Andrew Otway's part in it.

Andrew the tobacconist is a real character; within the narrow limits of small town life his genius has the necessary definition. His eventual bourne is the equivalent of Stoke Poges Churchyard and Mr. Bell tries to see him most of the way to Westminster Abbey, so that towards the end of the book you can never be sure which is protagonist—Andrew, or the idea of wealth and its effect upon human nature. The result is a general lunacy; the incidents become larger, emptier, and more pretentious; and Andrew, the minor characters, wealth, and human nature suffer an equal damnation. They are all unreal.

Andrew is both inadequate to the structure of this novel and too good for it. If Mr. Bell has wished to present his ideas about wealth he should have chosen a more pliable and less vital character. As it is, his novel reminds me of nothing so much as a large nut—the kind that is all husk with a small kernel. You look at it with pleasure, but pick it up and you find it an offense to nature. It rattles: it has an empty sound.

Take Your Medicine

(*Continued from page* 565)

public comprehend their true significance instead of using them like patent medicines—in the series of remarkable popular books on astronomy, physics, biology, psychology, geology, physiology, geography, which this *Review* has been steadily recording, the most indifferent mind is likely to find a fillip. For he will discover that there is something much more exciting than business going on in this age of production, something much more interesting than the routine of every-day living—that this bad, bad age which all the intellectuals are deploring, is nevertheless one of those periods of rapid increases in exact knowing, of startling changes in our understanding of how the bodily machine works and must work. He will learn that this is an age when, whatever the Japanese may be doing to the Chinese, or Mr. Hoover to business, or the Soviets to individualism, or the profit-making system to the soul, more new possibilities dawn every month for minds which since the Renaissance have been seeking "knowledge infinite," more new information is recorded on which a decent world *could* be built, than in any year of recorded history before the seventeenth century.

Of course it is not at the moment being built, and there is a possibility, if not a probability that it never will and never can be built, since the old Adam in us has so far proved far more resistant to analysis than the last of the elements or the electron.

As for the optimists, let them read the daily papers, including the tabloids. That will cure them.

An English journal has been quoting Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch to the effect that "the best seventy years for a man to have lived were from 1844 to 1914. Such a septuagenarian would have had all the advantages of prosperity, security, increasing knowledge, and invention and amenity, and would just escape the smash and the disillusionment; as a spendthrift might live in luxury and die half-an-hour before the bills came in."

A Balanced Ration for a Week's Reading

JONATHAN DREW. By CHRISTOPHER WARD. *Simon & Schuster.*

A picaresque novel setting forth the adventures of a young American in the early nineteenth century.

STALIN. By ESSAD-BEY. *Viking.*

The biography of a fanatic, one of Soviet Russia's greatest leaders.

MAN AND TECHNICS. By OSWALD SPENGLER. *Knopf.*

A study of the culture of the Machine Age.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Fighting Corruption

SAMUEL SEABURY: A Challenge. By WALTER CHAMBERS. New York: The Century Co. 1932. $3.50.

Reviewed by M. R. WERNER

ANY small boy rushing into Tammany Hall and shouting, "Seabury!" could empty the Hall as with fire. Judge Seabury's powerful fire is that new fire which makes ice and congeals the decaying hearts of old offenders. In the course of less than two years Judge Seabury has conducted investigations into the ways and means of magistrates, district attorney, and political bosses and their henchmen which surpass in importance any of the other investigations of the City of New York's shame. He has managed to combine unflinching integrity with grubbing industry and wise penetration, and the results even thus far put into his debt every citizen who has not financial interests or psychological interests in corruption.

SAMUEL SEABURY

Samuel Seabury comes from a long line of Anglican clergymen, with a sprinkling of lawyers here and there. In his youth in New York City, where he was born in the rectory of the Church of the Annunciation at Fourteenth Street, fifty-nine years ago, Samuel Seabury came under the influence of that remarkable social reformer, Henry George. When he was a young man, Seabury made it his business to meet Henry George and to talk with him about the obvious social injustices of an industrial civilization, of their causes and of their remedies. While he was studying law in New York Seabury attended a series of lectures on constitutional law by Woodrow Wilson, and he developed a profound admiration for this thinker which lasted and made of Seabury one of the original Wilson men. Another of his professors was Charles Evans Hughes.

Seabury's early career was of such a quiet, righteous nature that it makes dull reading, and Mr. Chambers's task is a difficult one until the period of Seabury the investigator set in. It is the kind of life that is told much better in an autobiography than in a eulogy. The story has all the elements of the good boy who made good without the false color of the Horatio Alger, Jr. legend. By this statement I do not wish to discourage anyone from reading it, for Mr. Chambers's book contains much to interest the casual newspaper reader and much to inspire the idealist. A judge of the City Court at twenty-eight Seabury went into politics and found it very messy, especially under the twisting machinations of William Randolph Hearst, who was one of Seabury's first sponsors, until Mr. Seabury discovered what Mr. Hearst was about. He was a Supreme Court Justice at thirty-three, and he subsequently presided firmly and fairly at the second trial of Lieutenant Becker for murder of Herman Rosenthal.

An ardent admirer of Woodrow Wilson, Seabury ran for Governor of New York during the second election of President Wilson and was defeated in the anti-Wilson campaign which did not quite succeed in defeating the President. Seabury had been elected to the Court of Appeals, from which he finally resigned because he found the life too sheltered and also to devote himself to private practice, in which he soon attained distinction and financial welfare. It was from private practice that he returned to public work, when a cablegram found him in a London bookshop and requested his leadership in the investigation of the corrupt practices of New York City's magistrates' courts.

Mayor Walker complimented the Appellate Division on its selection of Seabury to carry on the investigation of the magistrates. He has lived to swallow those compliments in impotent rage at Seabury's subsequent exposure of the rottenness of the Mayor's régime, or rather, of the Mayor's bosses' régime. The great success of Seabury's investigations of the magistrates' courts, the district attorney's office, and the city government can be attributed to the two methods of Seabury's procedure which Mr. Chambers gives in this book: "This consists of two procedures: first, examination of witnesses in private before public hearings, and second, analysis of the suspect's financial accounts." E. L. Godkin remarked many years ago that "the three things a Tammany leader most dreaded were in the ascending order of repulsiveness, the penitentiary, honest industry, and biography." It is not Mr. Seabury's fault if only some of those he has investigated have landed in the penitentiary, it is not within his power to give them honest industry, and he has succeeded admirably in giving us astounding biographical data on the New Tammany, from top to bottom. And Mr. Seabury's investigation has been conducted under more difficult circumstances than those of his predecessors. John W. Goff and Frank Moss, counsels to the Lexow and Mazet investigating committees in the late 'nineties and early nineteen hundreds, had their hands full with recalcitrant Crokers and defiant policemen, but Mr. Seabury has had to contend with shifts and changes in tactics and events, so that he has had to jump from the past to the present and to foresee the immediate future, while keeping a firm hold on slippery financial accounts and wrathful or frivolous witnesses. He has exhibited his complete impartiality by his ruthless examinations of Republicans as well as Democrats, when their activities came within his scope. Instances of these are the hearings on the Carrington deal for a pier lease, and the Republican-Democratic deal for the Supreme Court Justices. Mr. Chambers's account of Mr. Seabury's activities is clear and forceful, and it unifies the bewildering details we have tried to follow in the daily newspapers.

Mr. Seabury has proved to be courageous and thorough, and he defies the fickle public's indifference by continuing to give it invaluable data. He himself has said: "Within the coming weeks we will disclose existing conditions until we are sick . . . the committee is sick . . . the city is sick . . . of the widespread corruption." It is to be hoped that Mr. Seabury will be permitted to go on his thorough way defying political corruption and public indigestion, for knowledge is valuable. Some have said that Mr. Seabury wishes to be Governor of New York, and that he has done it all for purposes of personal ambition. Aside from the fact that it would be easier to become Governor of New York by playing stud poker with John F. Curry—and losing—it would be a privilege for the people of New York to have for Governor such a man as Walter Chambers exhibits Samuel Seabury to be.

M. R. Werner, who is a journalist and has been a special correspondent, is the author among other volumes of a history of Tammany Hall.

Looking Backward

RETURN TO YESTERDAY. By FORD MADDOX FORD. New York: Horace Liveright. 1932. $4.

Reviewed by LEE WILSON DODD

THIS is one of the most agreeable and exasperating books I have ever read. Take it up, open it anywhere: you will be charmed, you will be amused, and quite likely before you have turned many pages you will be annoyed—you may even become indignant. Then, just as you are about to explode, a new paragraph will catch and caress your eye, set you chuckling or hugging yourself with delighted appreciation—perhaps a piquantly told anecdote, or a swift, completely rendered sketch of a Cockney hospital nurse, which immediately reminds Mr. Ford of the day he was walking on the Rye road toward Winchelsea with Conrad, or Crane, or James, when the Master said . . . but unless you persist through some ten dizzy pages you will never learn what, on that occasion, the Master said, or which Master said it, because Mr. Ford has meanwhile pirouetted on over to Paris, or possibly Philadelphia, or is reminded of the first time he met Ferris Greenslet or Samuel Butler or the former Crown Prince or Mrs. Belloc Lowndes. There are over four hundred pages in the book and they are all like that, most of them superbly entertaining. Only, some of them are more entertaining than others. It all depends on your luck in skipping through them; read them consecutively you cannot, lest you grow unhinged and begin explaining to expensive doctors that the stars have reeled from their courses and that disorder is heaven's first law.

Nevertheless, if you are not unduly prejudiced in favor of logical progression, if you are not too firmly convinced that even a book of reminiscences is the better for some slight attempt at arrangement, and if an occasional sensation of vertigo does not too grievously upset you,—in short, if you are willing to scamper after Mr. Ford, simultaneously, in every possible direction—you will find this an enchanting volume, crammed with wit, wisdom, unwisdom, good writing, terrible writing, breadth, geniality, arrogance, eccentricity, sound and brilliant reflections, followed by others not so sound, humor, sympathy, chilling absurdity, just a few too many amazingly apt stories, and—on the whole—a very little too much of everything.

It is difficult to say why Ford Maddox Ford (and how maddening it is always to have to explain that he began life and his literary career as Ford Maddox Hueffer!) is not more generally recognized as one of the really significant English writers of the last thirty or forty years. This is not to assert, ignorantly, that he is unknown. He has for long been a figure of evident importance in the literary worlds of London, Paris, and New York, earning distinction as poet, novelist, and editor. He was the first, and most famous and exciting, editor of the *English Review*. His ten years or so of close association and collaboration with Joseph Conrad have (heaven knows!) never been concealed from the public and have been much—too much, on the whole, and rather tiresomely—discussed by others, and by himself. It is perhaps this very association, at bottom so honorable to Mr. Ford, that has done his immediate fame a peculiar disservice. Unfairly enough, I suspect, the fanatic lovers of Conrad have resented the fact of this collaboration as in some sense slightly dimming the lustre of their hero's achievement. This is great nonsense, of course; but there after all it is. Fanaticism is like that.

Moreover, the connection with Conrad has undoubtedly—for no good reason—blinded the public to the real excellence, the vigor and sweep, of Mr. Ford's own later novels, particularly his war trilogy. They were certainly not neglected; they received discriminating praise from enlightened critics and readers—yet one feels that they were never sufficiently acclaimed. Something less than justice was done them, nor are they now, I fear, much read, although they are clearly superior to most of the war novels—including several which have made publishing history throughout the civilized world.

It is to be hoped that the present volume is not too wilfully lacking in a reasonable continuity to attract the readers it deserves. For with all its chaos on its head, few livelier records of the literary life have lately been published or are at all likely to be. Mr. Ford has not only a master's eye for character, he is a complete character in himself, and—however paradoxically—he has here painted for posterity a complete and convincing self-portrait. He is far from the least interesting and attractive figure in a book which contains living delineations of a hundred famous, or merely once passingly conspicuous, women and men.

FORD MADDOX FORD

A final, grieved comment must be made upon the English prose style of the "Return to Yesterday." There is no second subject nearer, apparently, to Mr. Ford's own heart, and many pages of this record describe the disinterested artistic struggles of Joseph Conrad and himself to attain stylistic perfection. They agonized, as Flaubert once agonized, to achieve the one satisfying cadence, the one imperishable word. Nor is there any question that Mr. Ford can write vigorously, vividly, and gracefully when he so desires. But what then is to be said of such a sentence as the following:

> [So I hope no woman has ever, or ever will, voted for Dai Bach.]
>
> The Revolutionary Directorate that men in St. Petersburg after Bloody Sunday was composed almost exclusively of lawyers, doctors, merchants, army officers, and fairly high State officials.

I suppose the charitable thing to say is, that too hasty proof-reading has led to this—not very frequent—minor disasters. I am certain that Mr. Ford could not write like that if he tried. But, when one is asked to pay $4.00 for an important book, I suggest that it is the duty of *someone* to attend to such annoying lapses well in advance of publication.

The Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown & Company, both of Boston, announce an "Atlantic Non-Fiction Prize of $5,000" for the most interesting unpublished work of non-fiction submitted to the Atlantic Monthly Press before March 1st, 1933.

The work may be biography or autobiography—the personal record of a life of interest and significance; the period past or present. It may be a study of modern science, discovery, or invention. It may be a history of a village or family or a chronicle of momentous import.

To the author of the winning manuscript, as determined by the judges, the Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown & Company will pay, on the date of announcement, the sum of $5,000—$3,000 as an outright prize, and $2,000 as an advance on account of royalties. This sum will be paid for book rights alone.

In 1929 the Atlantic Biography Prize was awarded to the author of "Grandmother Brown's Hundred Years." Last year the Atlantic Prize for a work of non-fiction dealing with the American Scene was conferred on Professor Archer Butler Hulbert, author of "Forty-Niners."

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The Bowling Green

Human Being

XI. TELL ME EVERYTHING

WHAT, then, is a human being? Hubbard, looking over his notes, had to ask himself. How might one attempt to describe the incredible phenomenon? A creature alternating sixteen hours of mischief with eight hours of innocence; aware of death at every street-crossing, yet rarely scathed; a moving eddy of self-consciousness wasting most of its time in irrelevant necessities and seizing desperately upon casual laughter. A toy balloon blown into the Park—a blind man singing on the street—a spark when the key meets the lock it fits. Then, engrossed in this impossible inquiry, the biographer became more antic. It was not likely that the ultimate definition, having eluded Æsop, the Bible, Shakespeare, and all the French aphorists, would accidentally run down from the small black cistern of Lawrence Hubbard's Roe pen. But he was happy, very happy, in watching what came forth. A human being, he wrote, is a whispering in the steam pipes on a cold night; dust sifted through a locked window; one or other half of an unsolved equation; a pun made by God; an ingenious assembly of portable plumbing; a folder of Unfinished Business; a mob of intuitions governed by foreigners; a parliamentary assembly in which the minority is always right; a tropical island with a high protective tariff; a temporary compromise between the impulses of self-preservation and self-destruction; a diminishing variable of Certainty; a superb actor in a hokum play; the chorus of a song whose verse everyone has forgotten; a trained animal who distrusts its trainer; the only animal concerned to identify itself.

Words, he concluded, are a commodity in which there is never any slump. Talk is the greatest industry, and all human beings move in clouds of it—not merely their own, but in the rumors and representations of others, to which they are sometimes painfully sensitive. If so, they hurry back into the all-forgiving ego. But how extraordinarily well-trained they are, on the whole. He remembered with delight how he had seen the sudden shift that takes place now and then at a formal dinner party, when the hostess switches over to talk to the man on the other side. With a soft creaking of shirt bosoms and a turning of white necks the pairs simultaneously rearrange themselves all round the big table. Marvellous creatures! In just a few million years an anthropoid of uncertain temper had drilled itself to such genteel deportment.

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But what are you going to do about people when you're not with them? Into what far-away loneliness do their minds travel? What uncanny thoughts do they think? You can visualize them, see them walking, laughing, sulking; see their amusing clothes (so remarkably a part of themselves), the delicate way their hair grows, their bright serious eyes; hear their unmistakable voices repeating favorite opinions. Does all that go on, just the same, and you not there? Yes, they are pursuing their own relentless privacies, but are they real? Even if they were dead, would they be any farther away? You grope clumsily toward them, but is it really they you seek or some new reassurance of yourself? Hubbard thought with amazement of Minnie Hutzler. How keen and cool her gaze: if you passed her on the street you would never guess about the electric spark. The phantoms of so many friends rise before you. What's happening to them? Tell me, tell me everything (you'd like to say); I'll never hold it against you. I'll match each grief that plagues you with grievance of my own. Ring, telephone; come, letter; I need you.

I don't like people who are Sure of Themselves, he said.

He tried earnestly to put himself in Roe's place. "I am Richard Roe, stationery novelties. I have a wife Lucille, a daughter Gladys, a dog Peke, an apartment on 81st Street, an office in the Flatiron Building. I have a secretary Miss Hutzler, I mean Minnie, with dark eyebrows; ta brother Shad who owes me money and hopes to owe me more. I have a bunch of keys in the left trouser-leg of a gray suit, and in the right trouser some bills fastened together with a paper-clip. I have three cigars wrapped in cellophane in my vest. My overcoat is dark blue, and I am on my way to talk discounts with a jobber. What am I thinking about?"

It didn't seem to work. Apparently he wasn't thinking anything except that a cocktail would be in order. Was that what Richard would have had in mind? This sort of brooding is a bewildering affair, and he hankered for companionship. He remembered that on Saturday afternoons the boys usually gathered at Jules's place.

When there was time for a good long session they sat not in the kitchen but in a tiny inside room that opened off it. There, through the doorway, they could see Jules and Madame side by side at the store, tending various operations in perfect harmony. There was something fundamental and close to reality about that scene. Madame never guessed how these clients, not inexperienced students of women, admired her. She was too intent on the browning veal cutlet or the colander of tender haricots. There was a natural benignity about her. Presently she would come to the doorway. Her face and voice were beautiful with simple friendliness when she said, "What will the gentlemen have?" It was a lesson in grace just to watch her move about. Jules was more volatile: when he had a specially fine ham or a haunch of venison he carried it in to show them. When he shook up cocktails he usually found a small dividend for himself, so that by midafternoon he was ripe to play the accordion. It was a noble instrument, inlaid with oyster-shell and sparklers and an American flag outlined in colored gems. The tunes Jules enjoyed had no terminus: they went on and on, endless da capos with surprising blasts of power and a secret humorous effect of which the virtuoso himself is unaware. "Do you remember," said George Work, "how pleased Dick Roe was with that line of Gene Vogelsang's? Gene said, life seems so simple when you hear the accordion."

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Life did seem simple in that unassuming place. Here, Hubbard remembered, he had actually seen Richard Roe, with these same men. Had Richard divined here some of that easy relish of being we all bitterly need? Don Quixotes of the revenue service go tilting at gin-mills, but at their best these places are, true civilization and a lesson in economics. At Jules's, product and consumer were immediate, there was no waste, not even a waiter or a hat-check. Close behind his little back-yard towered an enormous new office building that had already gone through four bankruptcies. Beneath that monument of over-production Jules lived in plentiful content. His notice posted on the kitchen wall was an added touch of honest realism:—

> On account of the Management of this place having to get up early, In order to market and prepare for service. We regret to notify our customers we will close at 10 P. M.

With sinewy bare arms Jules stood over an omelet at the stove, intent as a painter at the canvas. When the crusted soot of the flue caught fire and roared, as it often did, he calmly threw a handful of salt up the chimney and continued his cooking. To see his family group around the kitchen table, sitting hours together in unappeasable talk after customers had gone, was to know the meaning of a home. The clients in the middle room could sometimes hear fragments of animated conversation about American institutions. Jules himself highly approved of America, and with reason; and you could see his boys, dark lads in their teens, growing by some magical chemistry more American every day.

To such hideaways come occasional fugitives from oppressive doctrine: fugitives from rectangular streets and rectangular ideas, from Noise and Nerves, from Efficiency and Haste. They meet clandestinely, like primitive Christians in the catacombs. They exchange grotesque confidences. Wine opens the heart; roof and fire, food and drink, a barred door and a wet winter afternoon outside, put almost any group of men in a candid mood, especially if they can sit and watch a woman doing the work. Few women have ever heard, or ever will hear, the naive speculations their jaded hoplites venture in these hours of armistice. Though the wives of Messrs. Work, Vogelsang, Schaefer, Furness and Von Ulm perhaps imagined that their husbands were engaged in illicit gayety, the fact is that these plodding creatures were far happier in the exercise of argument almost as idealistic as Plato's. The Decline and Fall of the American Woman was one of their themes. Sitting very much at their ease, they suggested that she would really be much happier if she were in the kitchen all day like Madame. This led to Bill Schaefer's reminiscence of his friend who, at a charitable garden party, took up an impromptu collection from emotional patriots. When they asked for what he was collecting he murmured reverently, "For the women who fell in the War."

Ed Furness remarked that women were insincere drinkers. "A fellow took me to lunch in one of those swell East Side speakeasies that are mostly frequented by dames," he said. "The place was packed with 'em, we were the only men in the room. Even the bar was full of women at tables, with just half a dozen goofs crowded down at one end of the counter. It was queer to hear that babble—a treble yell. If you stopped to listen, they sounded like a river going over a dam. Except for a couple of old battleships with old-fashioneds, every one of those frails was drinking water. It didn't seem like fair play."

"Women don't enjoy drinks they have to pay for themselves," said Von Ulm. But Von Ulm was bitter in those days because he was out of a job and hunting for work. "Hard times are supposed to build character," he said. "But what are you going to do with all that character when you get it built?"

"The funny thing is," said George Work, "they let women into those places without a card, but a man has to be identified. Why is that?"

These eavesdroppings, if misunderstood, would be treason. But woman, the ruler of our scene, is an enlightened tyrant. She is wise enough to allow her subjects opportunity to blow off vapors, and pays no attention. Every government must learn when not to listen.

Hubbard, however, had no grievance against women except that the only one he had ever really wanted wouldn't have him. He waited for a chance to turn the talk in more profitable channels. Several of these men had worked for Erskine Brothers when Roe was there. "What was Roe's job at Erskine's?" he asked.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

(To be continued)

In the Roxburghe Club of San Francisco, a group of men who are interested in books, either as printers, booksellers, book selectors or librarians, recently issued as the souvenir of their meeting on Washington's Birthday, a book the paper of which was made in Holland and France during Washington's lifetime, and was used in mounting botanical specimens for a collection known as the Harvey Herbarium.

Ask Me Again!

THE following literary test is compiled from the forthcoming "Ask Me Again!" edited by Jonathan Leonard, to be published by the Viking Press on April first. The *Saturday Review* plans to follow this first series of questions with other instalments precedent to the publication of the book in the belief that they will prove of interest to its readers. The answers to the questions appear below them.

1. What long Latin poem features a descent into the Underworld?
2. What well-known modern author wrote an eleven-volume novel in bed?
3. What fictitious Englishman of ordinary size was called the "man mountain"?
4. What is the most famous English poem to describe a pilgrimage to a shrine?
5. What English writer began under the pseudonym of "Boz"?
6. Who is the publisher of the magazines: *Vogue, Vanity Fair, House and Garden,* and *The American Golfer?*
7. What is the metaphorical or literary meaning of "Aes Triplex" as used in the title of Stevenson's Essay?
8. What was the name of Sherlock Holmes's brother, who was said to be even more clever than Sherlock himself?
9. What phrase did Ali Baba use to open the door of the cave?
10. Who sat on the bust of Pallas?
11. Where is the "Lake Country" of poetic significance?
12. What two modern dramatists have produced plays which require more than one sitting?
13. In what story by Poe do rats eat away the rope that bound the prisoner?
14. Give the author of the following: "The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece, Where burning Sappho loved and sung."
15. Why did the walrus weep for the oysters in the verse "The Walrus and the Carpenter"?
16. What did Maeterlinck symbolize by the bluebird?
17. Who wrote "A Message to Garcia"?
18. What was the first work printed in Europe?
19. What nineteenth century novelist wrote almost entirely about rural ecclesiastics?
20. Who wrote "Three Soldiers"?
21. In what river did much of the action in Browning's "Pied Piper of Hamlin" take place?
22. Who is Selma Lagerlöf?
23. Who wrote " 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."
24. What two well-known British authors died within a few days of each other in August, 1931?
25. Who was responsible for the phrase "sweetness and light"?

ANSWERS

1—Virgil's "Æneid."
2—Marcel Proust.
3—Gulliver, by the Lilliputians.
4—Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales."
5—Charles Dickens.
6—Condé Nast.
7—Courage—literally "triple bronze."
8—Mycroft Holmes.
9—"Open Sesame."
10—Poe's raven.
11—In the northwest of England.
12—Bernard Shaw and Eugene O'Neill.
13—"The Pit and the Pendulum."
14—Lord Byron.
15—Because he was eating them.
16—Happiness.
17—Elbert Hubbard.
18—The Gutenberg Bible.
19—Anthony Trollope.
20—John Dos Passos.
21—The Weser River.
22—A Swedish novelist.
23—Alfred Tennyson.
24—Frank Harris and Hall Caine.
25—Matthew Arnold.

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EXCURSIONS IN LITERATURE

"The Shell of Shelley"

THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS: FRIEND OF POE. By S. FOSTER DAMON. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1931. $5.

Reviewed by HARRY HAYDEN CLARK

The University of Wisconsin

A READER of anthologies would gain the impression that the Romantic Movement in America, as compared with that in Germany, France, and England, was strikingly tame. A little book of romantic "poems" could be collected, however, from the work of such men as Jones Very, Christopher Cranch, Bronson Alcott, and Chivers which would help to supply our supposed lack of a lunatic fringe. Mr. S. Foster Damon has begun the good work in his interesting book, "Thomas Holley Chivers, Friend of Poe." This "wild Mazeppa of letters" (as Simms called him) was a native of Georgia, a well-to-do dabbler in medicine, and of persuasions Baptist, Swedenborgian, Transcendental, spiritualist, and pseudo-scientific. Like Blake, "he actually developed the power of seeing visions." According to one of his contemporary fellow-townsmen, "he was a strange man, and here, where he was born and reared, he was considered crazy."

One wishes Mr. Damon had devoted more study to the Southern society which bred this strange man; Poe and Browning, and even Emerson, were interested in mesmerism, hypnotism, and phrenology, but it seems to me that Chivers was far too extreme to have much value as an index to his times. The causes of his separation from his youthful bride bore fruit in his first book, "The Path of Sorrow," characteristically melancholy. He lived for many years in New England, breathing the transcendental atmosphere but always leagues away from the Emersonian serenity and practical idealism. In all he published some eight books of poetry, two poetic dramas, and a curious prose work entitled "The Search after Truth; or, A New Revelation of the Psycho-Philological Nature." This was a statement of his philosophic outlook, parallel to Poe's "Eureka," and like that work inspired by Andrew Jackson Davis's "The Principles of Nature" (1847), or the gospel according to Swedenborg and Fourier. To Mr. Damon this "New Revelation" is "a cool-headed bit of work," dealing, in "well-platted argument," with "the perfect clarity of pure logic." At least it is pure.

If some of Mr. Damon's critical judgments seem a bit extraordinary, if he tends to over-rate the value of symbolist and hypnotic poetry, his painstaking historical scholarship has illuminated some dark corners of American literary history, and his book contains many passages of general interest. In these days, when "liberals" signalize their liberal comprehensiveness by refusing to recognize in literary history factors and determinisms other than economic, it is encouraging to find Mr. Damon devoting his first chapter to the thesis that "one of the dominant impulses of American literature" has been "an awareness of psychological fact, inherited from the seventeenth century, and given fresh life by several tendencies of later times. A net work of causes has led to a single result: exploration of the mental frontier." He is confidently convinced that "Chivers must stand on his own merits," and no doubt a few of his poems are worth salvaging for their own sake. At his best, Chivers wrote elegies like "Avalon," which Mr. Damon exults over as "the most Chiversian," "the most original, the most poignant, and the most melodious of them all"; the reader deserves a sample, as Mr. Damon says, to "show to what heights he was capable of rising":

For thou didst tread with fire-ensandled feet,
Star-crowned, forgiven,
The burning diapason of the stars so sweet,
To God in Heaven!
And walking on the sapphire-paven street,
Didst take up the highest sill they seat—
Waiting in glory there my soul to meet,
When I am lying
Beside the beautiful undying
In the valley of the pausing of the Moon,
Oh, Avalon! my son! my son! . . ."

No doubt Lowell was unduly unsympathetic in calling Chivers "a rather droll illustration of the shell of Shelley," yet readers of romantic poetry will hardly be startled by the originality of lines even as beautiful as these. Chivers himself, however, rested his "claims" on such sublime flights as the following:

As an egg, when broken, never
Can be mended, but must ever
Be the same crushed egg forever—
So shall this dark heart of mine!
Which, though broken, is still breaking,
And shall never more cease aching
For the sleep which has no waking—
For the sleep which now is thine!

What chiefly concerns Mr. Damon is the analysis in Chivers's work of "two tendencies, both of remarkable value as experiments:

> On the one hand, he endeavored to express subtle states of mind by a series of words (often of his own invention) and of images, the surface meanings of which are subordinate to the general hypnotic effect. Thus Chivers is kin to Coleridge and Poe; but he so far surpassed them in audacity that he anticipated for himself the fundamental theory of Symbolist poetry. . . . Chivers also tried to build poems out of pure sound, with results that are surprisingly modern. He would elaborate railroad rhythms or bell tones or negro cadences or Chinese music into a long poem intended for recitation; these poems remind one today of the parallel experiments of our modern troubadours, especially Vachel Lindsay.

It seems a pity to have to admit that the latest eccentricities are stale, even in America.

Of course there are degenerate critics who might hint that it was no infallible claim to literary immortality to have "anticipated the great discovery of *Symbolisme*" that "the immediate meaning is comparatively unimportant." Sursum corda! Before Verlaine, before Mallarmé, America gave the world the "lost poet" of Georgia.

Mr. Damon's book will no doubt interest scholars chiefly for the new light his evidence, some of it hitherto unpublished, throws on the question of Poe-Chivers plagiarism. It now appears that Poe's indebtedness was considerable, since Mr. Damon shows that, although Poe's poems in question were published before Chivers, Poe first had access as editor to Chivers's work. Mr. Damon is prone to defend Poe from the charge of utter plagiarism on the grounds of his rare esthetic improvements. He seems, however, to avoid the resultant question of the validity of the assumptions underlying much of our Poe scholarship. It has been customary for many critics to read most of Poe's poems as truthful autobiography, as authentic clinical reports of Poe's own mental states. Thus, for example, a reputable critic concludes an ingenious study of "Ulalume" with the conviction that it "throws light upon the poet's inner life, . . . it is an honest lyric that leads us to a man's heart; it is a cry of utter despair from a man's inmost soul. . . . 'Ulalume' is the epitome of Poe's last years." If, as Mr. Damon shows, "the idea of 'Nacchee' (1837) is taken over bodily into "Ulalume" (1847) and developed through a long series of parallel details, it would seem at least possible to raise the question whether one is justified in reading the poem as a chapter of an autobiography. Again, if, as Mr. Damon shows with regard to "The Raven," "Chivers's priority in these things—idea, meter, refrain, and something of the atmosphere—is unquestionable," what are we to say of another critic's interpretation of "The Raven" as a completely autobiographical confession of faith in immortability wrung from his soul in a spiritual crisis? The difficulty in question has long been acknowledged by students of Shakespeare and his sources, and it is not the least important merit of Mr. Damon's book that it may furnish material for a modified approach to Poe.

Essays in Criticism

COUNTRIES OF THE MIND. By J. MIDDLETON MURRY. New York: Oxford University Press. 1931. $3.

Reviewed by HENRY TRACY

THE name, John Middleton Murry, so written, has stood for a high order of literary criticism ever since the days of the *Athenæum* and the years immediately following the Armistice. More familiarly, as Middleton Murry, the name has been the target of criticism, more or less acrid, from clericals who resent what they regard as his free-thinking, and intellectuals who dislike what they call his "conversion," or his mysticism. By venturing boldly into fields controversial and metaphysical, he has got himself somewhat extensively misunderstood. The appearance of these two sheaves of purely critical papers, at this time, may augur a return to what the public regards as his proper vocational field. As a matter of fact, he has never left it, but has merely adventured boldly, sometimes perhaps wildly, where the mood took him, at a time when moods were many, and the hard impacts of the world's brain-cracking experiments drove men to do or to think things unthinkable in other years. Such titles as "To the Unknown God" and "Jesus, the Man of Genius," are interspersed with others such as "Keats and Shakespeare," "Pencillings," and the subject of the present review. Needless to say, "Countries of the Mind" is a book of pure criticism, in the scholarly manner, and (save for the title) with no bid for popular favor. We venture to say that its chief appeal will be to those who wish to know what is Murry's distinctive approach to problems in criticism, at a time when critical controversies are rife. It might, it is quite true, be difficult for a reader to deduce from one explicit paper, like that in "A Critical Credo," of the first volume, precisely what that approach is. A sentence here and there may set up, in the mind of a modern, that controversial fever to which so few of us seem to be immune. One gets Murry's viewpoint better by reading the critical studies rather than the "Credo"; for in them a principle is practised, not merely talked about.

It is, I submit, this search for a guiding principle in criticism that will attract students of literature to "Countries of the Mind," quite as much as the matter of the essays on poets and poetry, or on certain writers of very exceptional prose. In any case the appeal is not what could be called "popular." It takes for granted an interest in those sensibilities that lie back of all great creative work. On the basis of such sensibility as groundwork for expression (creative writing) and for criticism (judgments of value) Mr. Murry builds an authentic technique, and one that will not break down under the somewhat arbitrary verbalisms of naturalist-humanist controversy. Those who are the subjective victims of such verbalisms are perhaps beginning to be atrophied in regard to sensibility. Murry's contribution is the more pertinent because of his intimate relations with the hypersensitive D. H. Lawrence, with Katherine Mansfield's poignant spirit, and with the tortured soul of Keats (which he came to know, through interpretive sympathy, almost as if the poet were a living friend). Knowledge of such backgrounds of the creative human spirit serve to make him conversant with an aspect of literature which is likely to remain obscure to traditionalists and to all who apply preconceived standards of form. The standard, or principle or "law" even, used in criticism, Murry believes, is the outcome of personal impressions. It is the sum of such impressions, stabilized into rules of judgment. This view does two things. It permits growth and change of viewpoint in the critic; it insures that criticism shall be individual, and not mere conformation to academic standards.

As to content, the seemingly popular title of these two series of essays is not altogether justified. It is so in respect to a certain haunting desire on the part of the human spirit to inhabit a place where beauty shall be permanent and some value, spiritual, intellectual, or mystical, shall endure. This desire is a perennial source of poetic expression; sometimes a motivation of prose. We seek to eternalize experience, if only in the immortality of words. This theme is implicit in the paper on "The Poetry of Walter de la Mare." It is explicit in that portion of the essay on "Arabia Deserta" where the land of Doughty's wanderings is envisaged as "a world of thought and living remote from our own . . . a world part parable, part fairy tale: simpler yet sterner, more beautiful yet more oppressive, than our own; austerely intoxicating." In his own comments on this incomparable piece of prose, Murry's language rises to the needs of its occasion and attains the level of a sublimated medium. Here a critic is responsive to the magic of a great evocation. Chill "evaluations" drop into the discard in the presence of such writing as that of Charles Doughty, and one cares little with what school of criticism a critic aligns himself, if only he can rise to the rhythms and under-meanings of a great book. It is a hard test.

The range of subject in the two volumes is broad. It is not systematic. Shakespeare, Burton, William Collins, John Clarr, and Doughty are treated in the first series; but also Baudelaire, Amiel, Flaubert, and Stendhal. In the second series we have five essays on poetry and criticism followed by papers on Plutarch, Shakespeare, Bossuet, Lessing, Thomas Flatman, William Godwin, and others. They are worth reading in themselves, as literature. "Countries of the Mind" appears now as a new and enlarged edition of these essays, published in England in 1922.

Platonic Philosophy

PLATO AND HIS DIOLOGUES. By G. LOWES. Dickinson Morton & Co. 1932. $2.

Reviewed by ARTHUR COLTON

MR. DICKINSON'S interest is, naturally, in Plato as a social and political thinker, and hence his selections are largely from "The Republic" and "The Laws," "The Republic" seems to most men excessively doctrinaire, and it was of course more of a speculation than a proposal. But Mr. Dickinson argues successfully that it was not altogether in the air. Government by a class would probably be the best if that class could be made and kept high-minded, public-spirited, disinterested, and disciplined, "The Republic" is concerned mainly with its disinterestedners and discipline. The logic of the struction grows upon one with study of it, but its still seems an algebraic logic. The elements that it eliminates are inherent in the real problem.

"In 'The Laws,' a work of his old ager" he condescends to consider human nature. He "has not changed his views as to what is important and true, but he makes concessions—He is much discouraged by the course of events in the Greek world, and a strain of pessimism intrudes. "Human Affairs," he says, "are and yet we must be in earnest about them, 'a sad necessity constrains us.' Government by philosophers is abandoned, and instead there is a constant appeal to the authority of religion." The peculiar circumstance behind "The Republic" was that Athenian democracy degenerated while the speculative thought of its intelligensia rose clearer and higher. The algebraic determinization (so to speak) of "The Republic," does not prevent its having a bearing, if taken in its own setting, on the political thought of any age.

"Our fathers and grandfathers," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "confess their inability to fathom the exact significance of 'The Hunting of the Snark.' What if it should turn out to be the guest of Reparations, or the sell Boojum that will ultimately engulf us all?"

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Round about Parnassus

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL WEAVER

JOHN V. A. WEAVER calls his latest volume of poems A Sentimental Inventory, its main title being *Trial Balance*. It is the first long narrative poem he has tried, and he has supplied us with the following remarks upon its form:

> I have endeavored to match the verse with the varying mood, taking for an arbitrary convention, following the usual standard, a general medium of unrhymed iambic pentameter. I have gone from this blank verse into formal lyrics, free verse, deliberately awkward and even slightly experimental rhythms and doggerel, in order to let the story tell itself as naturally as possible. So that if some of the passages are technically extremely slipshod, they are sometimes so by design.

Offhand I should say that I do not see any point in being slipshod even by design. It seems to me a contradiction in terms. But let us consider the poem itself. It is an endeavor to recapture those emotional adventures of youth which are so all-absorbing at the time and to add up the fund of experience amassed from them. It is an interesting attempt by a poet whose main reputation still rests upon his vernacular poems in "the American language," a refreshing experiment which drew praise from H. L. Mencken among others. Mr. Weaver can indubitably write moving lines without recourse to colloquialism. He can describe an emotional situation well. He has written at least one novel in which this gift was even more apparent, together with his natural faculty for convincing dialogue. To me the chief merit of *Trial Balance* is not as poetry but as story, as the sum of the highlights of his own individual experience. I am glad to see an autobiographical poem of this kind attempted. There are few of them. And the human document can be made more salient and striking through the terseness of verse than usually in prose. The first brief section, the apologia, of *Trial Balance* gets down to cases immediately and is good. The other following sections, there are fourteen in all, naturally differ in importance and expertness. The general effect that the poem leaves is of disjointedness as to construction. One desires also more consistently memorable phrase, and something more than pithy observation, sometimes extraordinarily acute. Let that be debit. On the other side of the ledger, the book is most readable and there are lyrical moments of moving sincerity. If the life partially displayed is not an unusual one, Mr. Weaver makes no such claim for it. But in such a skimming of a life one is left with the feeling that there should be a great deal more to say, striking even deeper. Perhaps not. Either one does not suffer more complicated experience or, if one does, it cannot be displayed as autobiography. Mr. Weaver hardly ventures farther than the sentimental side of things, though his light touch on these matters is agreeable.

COFFIN'S NEW POEMS

Robert P. Tristram Coffin has written not only poetry but essays and biography. His *Portrait of an American,* in prose, and his biography of Laud were works noteworthy in dissimilar fields. His poems are now in four volumes, of which the book before us, *The Yoke of Thunder,* is the latest. Almost all of these poems have appeared already in a variety of magazines both English and American. I have read a good deal of Mr. Coffin's work as it appeared in periodicals. And lately I have felt that, for all his quite amazing gift for striking occasional phrase, he was putting too heavy a burden upon his facility. Stated less circuitously I found him writing too much. In almost every poem either the conception itself or a line or two impressed me. But I was aware of a fatal facility. He can be intensely vivid in a few spare lines, as in this from "Crystal Moment."

Once or twice this side of death
Things can make one hold his breath.

From my boyhood I remember
A crystal moment of September.

A wooded island rang with sounds
Of church bells in the throats of hounds.

A buck leaped out and took the tide
With jewels flowing past each side.

With his high head like a tree
He swam within a yard of me.

There is no great range, however in his versification, although his poems on creatures particularly are full of fortunate phrase. The mystical note, while not often forced, seems to recur to monotony. There is a danger of Mr. Coffin becoming the kind of poet who can write adequately on a great many things which would mean that he had lost the power to write flamingly of any one thing. So far this has not happened. Out of six poems, say, one kindles and strikes true fire in a line or two. This being Mr. Coffin's gift I am not satisfied when his work is merely good enough. He should ride his Pegasus more on the curb for a while.

IN MEDIOCRIA

A large number of volumes still await my comment and most of them fall into an inferior category. Indeed it seems to me almost incredible how many books of poems appear before me in quite dignified dress and then reveal practically nothing original, often a good deal that is unintentionally pathetic. Sometimes the titles of the books are true guides, titles like *Gleams* or *Contours* or *Surf.* The hallmark of inadequacy is upon such volumes at once. Sometimes there is a stereotyped technical accomplishment, but an examination of many of these books will always reveal a likeness in mediocrity, a fundamental lack of originality. *Friendly Firs,* by Anthony Euwer (Portland, Oregon: Metropolitan Press) has a rather attractive jacket drawn by the author, yet we find the first poem entitled "My Portland," and quickly recognize the "folksy" journalism of most of Mr. Euwer's verse. *Now that the Hawthorn Blossoms* (Boston: Bruce Humphries) introduces a poet of right feeling but almost everything she says has been said before and better. The Stephen Daye Press of Brattleboro, Vermont, has made a most attractive book of *Fruit of the Tree* by Jessie St. John, but even when we come upon such a pleasant poem in it as "Shawnee Hollow," we realize that that is really the curse of the volume, that word "pleasant." *Elements* by Samuel Logan Sanderson (Beekman Hill Press) is weighty with poems on "Man" and "Self" which precipitate themselves into dulness. *Kitchen Sonnets* by Ethel Romig Fuller (Metropolitan Press: Portland, Oregon) have a common denomination of

In the act of taking
Garments from a line
There is a sense of something
Wonderfully fine.

In Gaea's Garden, (Bijou Books: Ann Arbor, Michigan), begins with a poem on a Nymph and a Rose, and the refrain of another is "O pity the lot of the goldfish!" George Horton's *Poems on an Exile* actually come from one who has been a Consul General and in earlier days contributed to *The Century Magazine,* yet here is a "poem" called "Pitter-Patter," which begins

When the weary day is ended
And I lock my office tight,
Care slips out, though I'd intended
There to shut him for the night.

As for *Liberty Aflame* by Henry Brenner (The Raven: St. Meinrad, Indiana) it would be kinder to draw a veil over this "Epic Narrative Setting Forth the Heroes and Battles of the American Revolution Issued in Commemoration of the Bicentennial of George Washington's Birth."

Actually the anthology of *Younger Poets,* edited by Nellie B. Sargent (Appleton), and containing poems by boys and girls of high school age, has much better work in it. Its poetry either serious or humorous puts such things as "When the weary day is ended" to shame, and is quite as good as most of the adult verse that comes to us from these farflung small presses. To make another point, The Macmillan Company of Canada sends us a volume by a new young Canadian poet, Audrey Alexandra Brown, *A Dryad in Nanaimo,* which has certain merits but concerns itself chiefly with a good many rather worn-out themes, such as "Laodamia." There is no real youth in it.

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Points of View

The Bloater

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Speaking (as who wasn't?) of Hard Times, R. H. F., a delightful veteran actor writes me:

"During the good old days when actors starved or rejoiced in a long run 'at a damned fine stipend, old boy, one one a week and find your own wardrobe,' the bloater was often the central dish on the day's menu. For could not two be secured for three ha'pence, and did not you haggle with the huckster if one at least had not a soft roe?

"In those days Coldharbor Lane, Brixton, harbored literally hundreds of Thespians. A once quite pretentious road, it had gradually become a somewhat sordid mass of lodging houses for actors and other down-and-outs. Whenever you wanted to get hold of some old actor—no address—lost for years—you repaired to 'The Horns,' a pub at the Kennington end of the Lane, and generally tracked the old devil snooping in at lunch time to gather up a fragment of free cheese and biscuits. However, I am digressing. All I wanted to do was to offer you the Old Actor's pæan to The Bloater, which in my young days was known to us all.

O herring, herring, herring red,
How often on you have I fed,
I eat you all except the head,
And that I throw beneath the bed.
Alas, poor Bloater!

"Quite true, I assure you the rooms of the period would bear testimony.

"I don't know if 'one one' is familiar to you. It means a guinea a week, or one pound one shilling. Actors still talked in the language of the gentry, and referred to guineas. This particular salary, however, you did not mention. Asked as to your stipend, you simply gave two rapid stamps with the heel, *one one,* and the truth was revealed. Of course when you rose in the profession you rolled out sonorously the amount, '*Thirty* shillings, my dear old lad; what do you think of it, *thirty* of the best!"

I venture to forward to you this immortal testimony in honor of The Bloater.

C. P. R.

Bulwer Lytton

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

Have recently completed perusing the "Bulwer" of Michael Sadleir, Esq.,—a most excellent book, by the by, and forthwith I began conning the reviewers' reactions thereon. Lud o' mussy, Mr. Editor, how 'n the world did that review, or rather diatribe on Bulwer's character, "crash the gate" of ye Editorial blockade and into your issue of June 6, 1931? Certes, it was less than "½ x 1%" criticism of Mr. Sadleir's work, if that much; the rest, nothing less than a torrent of ill-natured remarks, or obloquy;—enough to evoke the aggrieved shade of Bulwer, himself, from his quiet abode in St. Edmund's Chapel, Westminster Abbey! My suggestion, Mr. Editor, is that all "wicious" reviewers, hereafter be handed a one-way ticket to Timbuctoo or to the wastebasket. I only regret that I didn't have the opportunity to read Mr. Sadleir's book earlier, write an impartial review, and let you see it.

A critical edition of Bulwer's works, unfortunately, is wanting; biographies are few—none by Americans, so far as I have been able to ascertain, except an entertaining little work by E. G. Bell, published in Chicago, 1914, entitled: "Introductions to the Prose Romances, Plays and Comedies of Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton." The Encyclopædia Americana (1927 ed.) carries a masterly article on Bulwer, by Professor Wilbur L. Cross, of Yale University. Excepting these, the first Lord Lytton has only now found a critic who does him justice. Mr. Sadleir, himself a novelist of note, a scholar and gentleman, is thoroughly fitted to write this book. Not a pæan of praise, nor a re-echo of myopic or perfunctory criticism, but a modern interpretation and appraisal of an author, eminent in his day, who has long lain neglected. Book-lovers none less than students of Bulwer, will find a singular interest therein; it bids fair for a permanent niche in English literature, so I ween. Dr. Johnson once referred to Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" as the only book that got him out of bed earlier than he was wont to rise. And "them's my sentiments" with regard to Mr. Sadleir's welcome achievement.

OWEN B. MCCARTHY.
Louisville, Ky.

The Longest Sentence

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In reply to the London *Observer's* question, "Which is the longest printed sentence in the English language?" I should like to suggest as the most likely candidate, in the field of reputable letters at any rate, the first sentence in Edward Phillips's "Preface to Theatrum Poetarum," written in 1675. This remarkable sentence runs on to a total of 1,012 words, some of them rather large ones, as opposed to the 842 in Hazlitt's sentence on Coleridge in "The Spirit of the Age," mentioned in your columns of February 13, 1932. A comparison of the rhetorical structure of the two sentences would be worth the study of any one interested. Both are oratorical in tone, but Hazlitt's is, as might be expected, lighter in movement and less involved in form. Largely through the easy device of piling up detail through parallel structure, Hazlitt proceeds to triumphant, climactic conclusion. But Phillips winds in and out within an intricate weave of "but," "so," and "for as" clauses, sometimes coming to a practical stop with a colon, and starting anew with an exemplification or elaboration. Yet the whole does hang together with a sort of surprising, not too ponderous, unity.

The sentence is otherwise interesting for a possible relationship with Gray's famous ode. Phillips's remark upon the compassion due those mortals who, though worthy of fame yet "nevertheless sleep inglorious in the crowd of the forgotten vulgar" may, it seems to me, have suggested to Gray the "mute inglorious Miltons" of his churchyard reflections. Edward Phillips was, of course, a brother-in-law of Milton's.

C. D. THORPE.
University of Michigan.

A Cromwell Sentence

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

In your February 13 issue, page 523, is a paragraph re "the longest printed sentence in the English language." In my copy of Saintbury's "English Prose Style" —from Malony to Macaulay, on pages 80-81—is Abraham Cowley's paragraph on Oliver Cromwell, which contains 420 words in one sentence. That may not measure up to Hazlitt's 100 lines on Coleridge, nor yet compare with fugitive sentences of Ruskin, James, or Proust, but it is remarkable for both content and continuity.

MAUDE V. P. HAZELTON.
Kansas City.

Isaac Leeser

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review:*
Sir:

I am addressing this letter to you in the hope that through your columns it may reach persons who have knowledge of the activities of the Reverend Isaac Leeser, whose biography I have been commissioned to write by the Jewish Publication Society of America.

"Mr. Leeser was a Jewish clergyman, author, publisher, and translator of the Hebrew Prayer Book and Bible into English." He was minister at Richmond, Virginia, from 1824 to 1829, when he came to Philadelphia where he lived and worked until his death in 1868. While in Philadelphia he edited the *Occident,* the first Jewish journal in the United States and served as minister of the Congregation Mikveh Israel and later Beth El-Emeth, until his death in 1868. He promoted many local and national Jewish enterprises and participated in civic and patriotic endeavors during his lifetime, a formative period in the development of the United States.

I shall appreciate any information your readers have relative to Mr. Leeser's works. Any original letters or papers sent me will be copied and returned. I may be addressed in care of The Dropsie College, Broad and York Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

EMILY SOLIS-COHEN, JR.

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A Letter from France

By ABEL CHEVALLEY

THE Editor of this *Review* once noted that France is curiously uncurious, as witness the apathy of her provincial press and her ignorance of contemporary philosophies. The first part of his remark cannot apply to the newspapers of our bigger towns: Lyons, Toulouse, Lille, Rouen. The second is apt enough if, by "ignorance" is meant "mistrust." We have no belief, for instance, in "Schools of Wisdom." And, perhaps, are we too busy removing a complete old stock of ideas, to notice mere adapations of some of its constituents.

I have just read the "Anthology of Recent French Philosophy," published by the Editions du Sagittaire (Pierre Quint, Anciennes Editions Kra) in the same series, but not quite on the same principle as their anthologies of new French poetry, of foreign poetry, of new French prose, and of French essayists. Philosophy does not lend itself to a selection of short and brilliant pieces readily separable from the bulk of the author's work. Hence, the necessity of substantial introductions and extracts, and the consequent exclusion of whatever, although fine or refined, cannot be considered as actual and efficient. This anthology is not a museum, but a living room. Rauh, Boutroux, Lachelier, Renouvier are absent from its pages though still active through their disciples. Many worthy professors remain unnamed, most of whom specialized in historical questions. The efficiency of a philosopher (which does not mean his popularity) is the criterion adopted. His impact on the problems of actual life is stoutly held as the measure of his "spirituality." What is, after all, the true sense of "spirit" if not "breath," "breathing power"?

From this undoctrinal point of view, the French philosophers of the present time can be considered as falling into three groups. Sorel, Lucien Poincaré, Hamelin, Durckheim are dead, but their several influences remain as strong (and divergent) as ever. From a period of universal action, Bergson has passed, with growing prestige, through that phase of national reaction which leaves only the greatest unscathed. Loisy can see, striking roots on all sides, the layers detached from his views on the history of religions, especially sacrificial rites—"action sacrée." Lucien Levy Bruhl's "Studies in Primitive Mentality" (mystical, pre-logical) and his insistence on the "law" of participation, have opened new roads to modern psychology. This review has already done justice to Emile Meyerson's work, a great part of which runs counter to the hotch-potch of doctrines and logomachies, laboriously "conciliated," which still go under the name of philosophy. He is doing more to reawaken, single-handed, the spiritual acumen of this generation than whole brigades of professors.

These are the prophets and inspirers of most of our contemporary "clercs." The abundance of quotations from their works and the special quality of the Introductions devoted to them in the new "Anthologie" bear witness to their vitality.

I am aware that the average English or American student (not the German, better informed) derives his idea of present-day philosophy in France from the second group. Does it not include the representatives of the predominant schools and the methods used in our universities, institutes, academies, and teaching bodies? There, again, the doctrines are widely different. You find Brunschvieg, one of the most universal minds of our time, reintegrating intuition into the enlarged notion on intelligence, and you find there Maritain, the neo-Thomist, Pierre Janet and George Dumas, both eminent masters of psychiatry, have extracted psychology from its philosophic bog of abstraction and fertilized early pragmatism. Then there are Maurice Blondel, the metaphysician of catholicism; Charles Maurras, the positivist champion of reason, action, and order, political catholic, but not catholic politician; Paul Langevin, the great physician who, in spite of its present theoretical confusion, stoutly holds science to be the key of all future progress and happiness; Edmond Goblot, perhaps the least known in America, whose attitude towards the essence of reality, and the purely "constructive" value of science, anticipated Husserl's, and was a healthy ferment among our younger logisticians. . . . What a diversity of men and systems! Yet a subtle link unites the majority, those who are perhaps the best known teachers of "pure" philosophy. They are more or less in reaction against Bergsonism. They are busy readapting Cartesianism to the conditions created by the devaluation of reason and science. And they are strangely scholastic in their methods. A curious state of things when you remember the long struggle between the old Sorbonne and Descartes's spirit.

It is of course inevitable that those in official positions or formed into churches, chapels, schools, organized groups, obtain abroad more attention than isolated thinkers. But the authors of the "Anthologie" are evidently convinced that officialism and corporate organization spell conservatism, conformity, or, at best, serve reactions more readily than action. They have, in consequence, devoted more space than was to have been expected to those independent thinkers who, in all times and nations, are the more active instruments of philosophic inquiry.

I have already mentioned Emile Meyerson in this connection. But, amongst younger and lesser men, have you heard of Dr. Eugene Minkowski, Joseph Baruzi, Louis Rougier, Jean Wahl, Georges Politzer? If you have not, this new anthology will introduce them. Minkowski is a "psychiâtre" whose study of "schizophreny" (loss of vital contact) is now informing all branches of criticism. In the same spirit as Husserl and Heidegger he seems to be making for a new phenomenology of time and space. Joseph Baruzi published in 1911 "La Volonté de Métamorphose," the first chapter of which is called "La Décadence des Songes." Significant titles. Freud was then comparatively unknown, and Proust totally. Baruzi is the foe of abstraction and of that kind of intellectual work which severs man from his "dream-root." He is now over fifty and has lived "on the road" for many years, tramping over Western Europe. Louis Rougier (born 1889) is the philosopher of this generation who best deserves, and represents, universality. And he can write. I will not attempt a review of his multiform activity. Loisy said of his books on the fallacy of both rationalism and Thomism that they mark a date in history. Of all the contemporary French philosophers he is the most accessible to non-specialists, and the most informing. Jean Wahl is probably better known in your universities as the historian and critic of English and American pluralists and neo-realists. But the gist of his important contribution to modern philosophy is of a later date. "Étude sur le Parménide" and "Le Malheur de la Conscience dans la Philosophie de Hegel" are of a tragi-logical intensity.

Georges Politzer, the most radical critic of "Les Fondements de la Psychologie," has exposed the fallacy of that personification of mental functions which makes us forget that memory, intellect, will, do not exist in themselves, but only in relation to single and unique individuals, and also the fallacy of so-called "scientific" psychologies, still more abstract, which translate experiments into formulæ and merely replace a mythology by a symbolism. The substitution of an impersonal for a personal drama, of an abstract for a concrete affair, such is, according to Mr. Politzer, the main business of all psychologies. He wants them to get rid of their law-finding manias, that is to abolish them as science, experimental or not. If Mr. Politzer had his way, psychology would become an unmeasurable description of personalities, an immense dramatic criticism. We are certainly moving in that direction and craving a natural history of man; note the vogue of biographies; but we still call it literature, not philosophy.

I make no apologies for insisting upon minor prophets. These letters are not meant to bring owls to Athens. Sparrows scatter more seeds. And the choice was not mine. I simply follow the "Anthologie." One only of the young philosophers quoted I abstain from mentioning. He is, to my feeble mind, quite unintelligible. The book is comparatively short, but the extracts are so well selected, the bibliographies so thorough, that it manages to be as representative as could be expected in spite of its comparative briefness and ridiculously small price. The general Introduction is by Leon Pierre Quint; the Preface and keynote of the whole thing by Arnaud Dandieu, chief selector, and author of most of the Introductions (others by J. Audard, P. Biquard, R. Gilbert, Lecomte, F. Joliot, A. Lautman, E. Montel, R. Vaillant, J. Wehrle). God be praised. We still have some good "packers" in this country. A much bigger anthology could, of course, be made of the philosophers omitted from this one. Its range is small by comparison with similar books, for instance the two big works on British and on American philosophers recently published in London. But the unity and clarity of this French conspectus make it important. It has a personality. In a way, it is a tendentious book, a young men's anthology, but this makes it all the more significant. The reader must be warned of its tendentiousness, but he will probably discover that its tendencies are those of whatever is truly alive in contemporary philosophy. These younger philosophers of France are against formalism, scholasticism, against *separation*, that is, *abstraction*. They do not sever man thinking from man feeling, guessing, changing, active, struggling. They include even politics and economics in philosophy. They make for integrity.

Have you read "Chine," by Marc Chadourne (Plon)? It is the timeliest, most intelligent, and most readable account of Chinese affairs that I have come across. And its incisiveness and picturesqueness leave nothing to be desired. He has spent fifteen months inquiring into the present state of the Chinese riddle. If he had spent only fifteen days, he would probably have brought back a bigger book and a clearer solution. Let him be thanked for his comparative brevity and inconclusiveness.

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Foreign Notes

OUR Swiss correspondent advises us that the first French translation of Gottfried Keller's "Der Grüne Heinrich," which he recently announced was about to be published, has now come out. The translation is accurate and expressive and will be appreciated by all who cannot read in the original German Gottfried Keller's masterpiece, one of the great novels of the nineteenth century. The translation (Henri le Vert, Editions des Lettres de Lausanne), is in two well-printed, paper-covered volumes and costs fifteen Swiss francs (about three dollars).

Three books have recently come out in France, in Germany, and in Switzerland which testify to the interest that Amiel's personality and work still provoke today.

One is a collection of critical essays by Amiel "(Essais Critiques d'Amiel," Paris, Stock), now collected for the first time. The editor, Professor Bernard Bouvier of Geneva, the editor of the 1923 new edition of the "Journal," and the foremost authority on Amiel, provides competent introductions and notes. The substantial essays on Mme. de Stael and Rousseau are particularly worthy of note.

Readers interested in Alsace, and the many political, cultural, and social problems involved by the change from German rule to French, will like to read "Et Voici la France," the last volume in a trilogy of novels ("Nous Sommes Forts-Suspects"—"Et Voici la France," Paris, Payot) which portray the fate and fortune of Alsace from 1870 to the present day. The author, Benjamin Vallotton, is a Swiss writer who has lived in Strasbourg all through the difficult years that have followed the return of Alsace to France. He has humor, observation, insight, and warm sympathy both for France and for her newly-recovered, and sometimes recalcitrant, province.

This is a good year for admirers of Vinet, the Swiss theologian and critic. Mlle de Mestral Combremont, whose remarkable life of Vinet was mentioned in the Letter from Switzerland (published in one January 9th number), has now put us further in her debt by publishing a selection of Vinet's best pages ("Les plus Belles Pages d'Alexandre Vinet: Edification," Lausanne: Payot). The new collection of Amiel's essays ("Essais Critiques d'Amiel," Paris: Stock) has a very fine passage on Vinet. There has even come out an enthusiastic testimony to Vinet, "the champion of truth, love, and liberty of conscience," written by Fritz Wartenweiller, a German-Swiss writer, known hitherto as the biographer of Nansen ("Vinet," Erlenbach-Zürich & Leipzig, Rotapfel-Verlag). Perhaps some English or American writer will eventually be found who will make Vinet accessible to the Anglo-Saxon reader.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received.

Fiction

THE FORTNIGHT IN SEPTEMBER. By R. C. SHERIFF. Stokes. 1932. $2.

To all intents and purposes, this may be acknowledged "a good book." Mr. Sheriff is a skilled practitioner of his craft—he possesses considerable insight into his characters and a sympathetic outlook that would do credit to a better novelist.

But while "The Fortnight in September" presents many undeniable virtues—while it is a sincere and forthright endeavor, its many virtues only succeed, in some paradoxical fashion, in boring the reader. A novelist might conceivably utilize an even more slender theme than Mr. Sherriff's—the yearly vacation of a clerk and his family—and make of it something permanent, illuminating, and stirring. Frank Swinnerton's "Nocturne" immediately comes to mind as the perfection of this particular technique and content. In this instance, however, the reader finds himself nodding over an almost minute-by-minute recital of the fortnight at Bognor. At no point does the novel reach a climax—at no point is the reader stirred to a deeper emotion than the "emotion of recognition." The petty concerns of Mr. Stevens and his family, while presenting parallels at every moment with the life of the average human being, never illuminate the reader's experience, never stir him to a deep concern for the eventual fate of the middle-class family here presented.

THE PROUD HOUSE. By ANNETTE ESTY. Harpers. 1932. $2.

A double achievement must be credited to this interesting and appealing book. Many of us have looked askance at the Polish invasion of New England, failing to bridge the gap to these aliens with any sympathy or understanding or even interest. No one can thus fail, or at least not completely, after reading a story which is written so simply and dramatically through the Polish eyes and from the Polish heart, and which brings out so appealingly the strength and steadfastness of these squatters on our soil (for so we think of them) with their clumsy bodies and poetic souls. Miss Esty has known well how to portray them and what simple and dramatic methods to use in doing so. She has not omitted a glimpse also of the younger Poles—over-Americanized, hardened, and unattractive in their half-baked state. But since they are here we shall do best to assimilate them, and better acquaintance is one method.

Secondly, no reader can fail to get a more vivid realization of the flood that recently laid waste New England, and especially of its terrors and devastation when brought to bear upon these aliens with their hoarded possessions on small, hardly bought homesteads. The "Polacks'" sufferings at that time probably impressed us far less than did our own New Englanders'; but as we read we feel keenly for them, terrified, struck down in a strange land, ruined in body and soul until our merciful Red Cross (a mysterious beneficent Prince, old Jozefa thinks he must be) reconstructs their lives.

Miss Esty possesses an excellent style as a vehicle for her imaginative understanding of her characters. Her high points are perhaps reached in the quaint delightful letters in which old Jozefa pours out to her brother in Poland her cryptic but poetic accounts of her alternating sufferings and joys as she struggles to establish her family and win her coveted "Proud House." Both as a story of a flood washing away life and property and as an interpretation of alien lives the book is markedly successful. It should be said also that there is here no feeling of an echo of Edna Ferber's recent novel. The emphasis, the point of view, and the style are all different, and there is no connection beyond the fact that one book is an interesting supplement to the other.

THE MASTER OF CHAOS. By IRVING BACHELLER. Bobbs-Merrill. 1932. $2.

In this timely novel, Irving Bacheller has written a story of George Washington and the American Revolution. The same author's "A Man for the Ages" is, as every one knows, a perennially popular romance of Abraham Lincoln and Civil War days. The reader's attitude toward either book is apt to depend on his liking for history when it is generously interlarded with fiction. "The Master of Chaos" is a competent novel, but its chief interest lies in its treatment of historical characters and situations.

A young Harvard graduate and a pretty girl living in Boston are the chief characters in the book. The boy answers the call to join the rebel army and serves under Washington, as his secretary and later as a recruiting officer. He makes journeys to the North and to the frontier, takes part in several battles and is almost completely separated from Patricia. The story ends, however, in the accepted manner for popular romances, with their reunion.

The figure of Washington is presented indirectly, through the boy's impressions of him and numerous enthusiastic letters of description. The portrait is well-rounded, and both it and the picture of the times are based on extensive research—the author informs us that he gathered 60,000 words of notes before he began to write. We could wish the characters more fully alive, and the style more finished. The author uses words quite carelessly—an example of this (an extreme one) is, "The British officers had frankly conferred upon her the fatal gift of beauty."

THE LADY AND THE MUTE. By JOHN LINDSEY. Morrow. 1932. $2.50.

This is an original and disturbing book, powerful and yet unsatisfying—one that has heights and depths, abilities and crudenesses, in striking combination. Its author manifests in surprisingly diverse ways that he can write,—sometimes natural and penetrating dialogue either of English bourgeois or of drawling country yokels, sometimes sensitive description of countryside beauty or harshness, sometimes savage and painful narrative of the cruelty and lust of life against which his book as a whole seems to be a protest. It is a protest which the reader can only wish were more articulate and consistent. Poetic prose of much power and beauty this writer has at his command, though its alternation with cruder elements leaves one with a partly unjust sense of purple patches and undigested motivation. In the same way the repetitive method used in the recurring theme of the horrors that hinge upon the cruelty of man and beast defeats part of its own end by creating repulsion and a sense of overemphasis and lack of fair play. Thus the weaknesses of the book detract very directly from its power over its reader. If one is to be fair one must admit great strength and imagination and descriptive ability felt through a sometimes muddled thought and over-weighted style.

There is no question that the conception of the book and its setting and characters are unusual and poignant. A pottering old lady, living alone in a harsh and unsympathetic English hamlet, repressed and finally defrauded by life of all that would have meant fulfilment of her potentialities, fixes at last in her increasing loneliness and bewilderment, upon the salvage of an abused deaf and dumb creature, himself long defrauded and maltreated by life. Mingled with their story and its resultant complications is the background theme of a desire to torment, a sensual lust for blood and for the infliction of cruelty, shown as an outgrowth of fear and impotence,—whether on the gay hunting field, in the village butcher's back yard, or in the deaf-mutes tormentors and his retaliations against them. English sport, incidentally, fares ill in this category, as rabbits and foxes are slaughtered for a morning's amusement. Set against this violence and savagery is a blind reaching after the compensating mercies of loving-kindness, in the mind of old Miss Agatha and even of her bewildered protegée; but the reader's senses are too deeply marked with horrors to react to the author's wishes as fully as is intended.

Mr. Lindsey, however, can write with effect. He is particularly successful in feeling the pitifulness and power underlying the commonplaceness of simple lives, and in a sort of elliptical indirect discourse in following his characters' trains of thought—except occasionally where his deaf-mute (fast becoming maniac) thinks his way through mazes which only a

(*Continued on next page*)

Notable Books on the Scribner List

Arabia Felix
Across the Empty Quarter of Arabia
by **Bertram Thomas**

"Here once more is the complete Arabian traveller enshrined," says "Lawrence of Arabia" in his foreword to this big, meaty book about the conquest of the great desert of Southern Arabia.
Profusely illustrated, 397 *pages* $5.00

Past Years: An Autobiography
by **Sir Oliver Lodge**

One of the Titans of science tells with dramatic simplicity the eventful story of a life of research and discovery.
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Mozart
by **Marcia Davenport**

The human story of an immortal. It flows with the rapidity and liveliness of a novel, although historical accuracy is never sacrificed, and the pages contain much material never before published.
Illustrated. $3.50

The Story of My Life
by **Clarence Darrow**

"It is well worth any intelligent person's cultivating," says Robert L. Duffus in *The New York Times* of this "vivid life document of great significance."
Illustrated $3.50

Poems: 1928-1931
by **Allen Tate**

Collected poems by a writer well known to readers of the *Saturday Review of Literature.* It contains, besides much new verse, the highly praised "Ode to the Confederate Dead." $2.00

The Quest of the Print
by **Frank Weitenkampf**

The Curator of Prints, New York Public Library, tells with authority and charm why prints are collected, how and what to collect, the care of prints and other matters of interest to collectors, new and experienced. *Illustrated.* $3.00

The Company of Scotland
by **G. P. Insh**

Students of American and Scottish history will find this account of an early adventure in "trading to Africa and the Indies" an authoritative source book and an interesting narrative. *Illustrated.* $4.00

Worshipful Society
by **John Galsworthy**

"The Patrician," "Fraternity," and "The Country House" compose this 743-page volume of Mr. Galsworthy's outstanding earlier novels. It offers in compact form and at a low price books that have been judged among his best work. $2.50

The House of Violence
by **Felicia Gizycka**

How the wreckage of two marriages affected the lives of the children. An understanding novel of modern society, introducing a fine new talent. $2.50

Tobacco Road
by **Erskine Caldwell**

"Were this a book on Russian mujiks . . . it would be hailed as a supreme accomplishment. . . . This man has a genius for writing of the lowly."
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The Square Root of Valentine is distinctly something special; you never read a novel like it before. But if you like your amusement to be intelligent and subtle—if your taste runs to such things as Gilbert and Sullivan, *Zuleika Dobson,* and *The Man Who Was Thursday*—then you are the kind of person who will enjoy the story of Valentine: how he found New York a different city at 3:30 A. M.; how he met an inventive genius, and the most attractive girl in town; how, with consummate decorum, he shellacked a lady's legs. Perhaps you'll agree with *Ogden Nash* that *"The Square Root of Valentine* has wit, originality and imagination;" with *Robert Nathan* that "it is an enchanting adventure of the mind."

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THE SQUARE ROOT OF VALENTINE
By BERRY FLEMING
author of *Visa To France*
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A story full of action and heart appeal.

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from CROWELL'S *List of Good Books*

THOS. Y. CROWELL COMPANY, NEW YORK

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This is not an "ad"

Rather, to you as a reader of *The Saturday Review*, it should be an invitation and a dare to discovery . . . Once, not so long ago, Hugh Walpole said of a certain author who had just published his first novel, "I look to him for a book that will one day astonish the world." . . . This young man was Claude Houghton; and it is to the enjoyment of his new novel that we now invite you.

Perhaps this book is too subtly exciting for many people. But among the readers of *The Saturday Review* there must be some who can be caught by such incisive diagnosis of the Western world . . . such queer, cruel, fascinating beauty. Here's a book which plumbs strange depths—takes the measure of our day and interprets us, destructively and constructively, to ourselves.

It may be that you'll find the Petersleys haunting you forever—pathetic Traditionalists *without a Tradition, hoping for a miracle to* help them "muddle through." Call them relics. Call them England, if you like. For, like the Empire, their last hunt is over, their gay umbrellas sway in the rain where the garden party was.

This book is recommended to you by Hugh Walpole, J. B. Priestley, L. A. G. Strong . . . and not the least by the publishers, who find it one of those rare pleasures, a book worth publishing regardless of sales.

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(HENRY, LONGWELL & ANOTHER)

The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

sound intelligence could have pursued. One feels that this book has been sincerely and emotionally conceived, but cast forth in violence and despair at the disarray of life.

SHRINE OF FAIR WOMEN. By ANN PINCHOT. Long & Smith. 1932. $2.

This novel presents a composite portrait of the owners, officials, and employees of a big Fifth Avenue department store. Marks Brothers is the kind of stylish store where the creations of Vionnet, Chanel, and Patou are sold "for the ornamentation, primarily, of Park Avenue womanhood." Old Moses Marks, head of the firm, began his business career with a cart on Hester Street. Some of the buyers, floor managers, and salespeople of the new establishment also worked with him in an earlier, Fourteenth Street store.

The author writes with intimacy and sympathy of these people. She tells not only of their present lives and business careers, but also of their past experiences and their relations with other people "after hours." The form of the novel is provocative and, in the hands of another novelist, would lend itself to an analysis of the relations of the characters to each other and to the store. These relations are not examined, however, with any great completeness by Miss Pinchot.

Novels similar in form have been written also for entertainment. Some of these have been very attractive. The author of "Shrine of Fair Women" is, however, too straightforward and sincere to employ the glittering artifices and "human interest" material used in "Grand Hotel." "Shrine of Fair Women" is never cheap, but neither is it ever profound—in the sense that "The Company" is profound, for instance. After the first hundred pages, the novel becomes episodic and disjointed, losing its unity because the characters are shown apart from their connections with the department store.

DESERT LURE. By *Jean d'Esmé*. Sears. $2.

ICE-COLD MARRIAGE. By *Christine Jope-Slade*. Bobbs-Merrill. $2.

PORTRAIT OF A PALADIN. By *Vicente Huidobro*. Liveright. $2.50.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF MADAME ANTONIA. By *Leyla Georgie*. Liveright. $2.

LOVE THROUGHOUT THE AGES. Edited by *Robert Lynd*. Coward-McCann. $3.

TROPIC NIGHT. By *Inez Nichols*. Sears. $2.

THIRTEEN WOMEN. By *Tiffany Thayer*. Kendall. $2.50.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES UNDERGROUND. By *Lewis Carroll*. With illustrations by the author. Macmillan. $1.

THE SONG OF THE LARK. By *Willa Cather*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50.

WORSHIPFUL SOCIETY. By *John Galsworthy*. Scribners. $2.50.

CITY BLOCK. By *Waldo Frank*. Scribners. $2.50.

BAWBEE JOCK. By *Amy McLaren*. Putnam. $2.

KABLUK OF THE ESKIMO. By *Lowell Thomas*. Little, Brown. $2.50.

THE HOUSE OF WIVES. By *Elizabeth Hamilton Herbert*. Farrar & Rinehart.

ONLY HUMAN. By *Carroll* and *Garrett Graham*. Vanguard. $2.

AN ABANDONED ORCHARD. By *Eleanor Risley*. Little, Brown. $2.50.

THE SIEGE OF PLEASURE. By *Patrick Hamilton*. Little, Brown. $2.

PORT OF CALL. By *D. C. Peattie*. Century $2.

WINDYJINN. By *Grace Kellogg*. Long & Smith. $2.

THE INVINCIBLE ADAM. By *George Sylvester Viereck* and *Paul Eldridge*. Liveright. $2.50.

Foreign

LA LITTÉRATURE ANGLAISE. By *Paul Dottin*. Colin.

LA LITTÉRATURE COMPARÉE. By *P. Van Tieghem*. Paris: Colin.

ISLANDKATALOG DER UNIVERSITÄTSBIBLIOTHEK KIEL UND DER UNIVERSITÄTS- UND STAATSBIBLIOTHEK KÖLN. By *Olaf Klose*. Kiel: Universitätsbibliothek.

CHRISTOPH COLUMBUS. By *H. H. Houben*. Berlin: Wegweiser.

Poetry

TEN THOUSAND CANDLES. By *Marie Zello Phillips*. Pittsburgh: Observer Press. $1.

GLOWING EMBERS. By *Glen Cora Bates*. Rifle, Colo.: Rifle Telegram.

THE TIME OF GOLD. By *Diana Patrick*. Dutton. $2.

GERMANY NOT GUILTY IN 1914. By *M. H. Cochran*. Stratford. $2.

BAUDELAIRE. By *Ernest Sellière*. Paris: Colin.

"HOW PAN SHAPED THE LEAVES AND OTHER POEMS." By *Paul Southworth Bliss*. Published by the author. $1.

OUR LADY'S CHOIR. Edited by *William Stanley Braithwaite*. Boston: Bruce Humphries. $2.50.

SONGS OF A SOLDIER. By *William V. Stephens*. Emory University, Ga.: Banner Press. $2.

THE SOUTHWEST SCENE. Edited by *B. A. Botkin*. Oklahoma City: Economy Co. $1.

DER RABE. By *Edgar Allan Poe*. Translated into German by *Otto F. Babler*. Olmütz.

SONGS OF EXILE AND OTHER POEMS. By *Herbert Bates*. Privately printed.

WEST OF THE GREAT WATER. Edited by *Paul Engle* and *Harold Cooper*. Iowa City: Athens Press.

BALLADS AND IDYLLS. By *Ernest McGaffey*. Los Angeles: Saturday Night Publishing Co.

WESTWARD. By *Harold Cooper*. Athens Press, Iowa City, Iowa.

THE ECLOGUES OF HENRIQUE CAYADO. Edited by *Wilfred P. Mustard*. Johns Hopkins Press. $1.50.

THE JOURNEY AND OTHER POEMS. By *Yvor Winters*. Ithaca: Dragon Press.

IF LOVE PROVE EXACTING. By *Charlotte Blake Loring*. London: Studies Publications.

SANTIAGO POEMS. By *Herbert Wickenheiser*. Stratford. $2.

Books Briefly Described

Henry W. Nevinson, who some years ago did a good book on Schiller, has published "Goethe: Man and Poet," written for the Centenary of Goethe's death (Harcourt, Brace: $2.75). What is said to be one of the most comprehensive and certainly the soberest and most informative book on the fast vanishing whaling industry, is published by Henry Holt ($3) under the title, *Whaling in the Antarctic*, by A. J. Bennett. The first book in English on the Youth Movement, *In Defense of Youth* (New York: Tenny Press. $3) is by Ellis Chadbourne. It is international in scope and illustrated by photographs. An interesting experiment in brief biography will be found in "Revaluations: A Series of Studies Read at the City Literary Institute in London in 1931" (Oxford University Press. 1931. $2.50). The subjects are as various as Foch, Pater, William Morris, Watts, Gladstone, Tennyson, and Goldsmith, the authors such well-known writers as Captain Hart, Stephen Gwynn, G. K. Chesterton, Lord David Cecil, Lascelles Abercrombie. The second volume of *Contemporary Thought in Germany*, by W. Tudor Jones (Knopf. 1932. $2.50) continues this valuable study with younger writers classified and discussed. This should be an indispensable book for college libraries. Two travel books of more than usual interest are *Lower California: A Cruise*, by Griffing Bancroft, son of the historian, which in informal fashion gives a great deal of valuable information about the Peninsula (Putnam: $4.50), and *The Golden Isles of Georgia*, by Carolina Couper Lovell (Little, Brown: $3), which is not so much a travel book, though it can be used as such, as a brief historical sketch of the Georgia sea islands which contains very picturesque and sometimes important history. Fanny Kemble, as might be expected, is quoted at length, and other historical figures appear. Another book of somewhat more scholarly character which deals with the southern islands is *The Key to the Golden Islands*, by Carita Doggett Corse (University of North Carolina Press. 1931. $3.50), which is a complete history of Fort George Island in Florida. These local histories of small but important places often yield unexpectedly interesting material, and this book is no exception. It is illustrated by charcoal drawings. Another book which will be useful to travellers is "The Mystick Krewe" (New Orleans: Carnival Press. 1931) which in spite of its unfortunate title is a valuable history of the carnival in New Orleans with a background account of the origin of carnival celebrations in general. The book is elaborately illustrated with colored pictures of famous costumes. President Nicholas Murray Butler has collected his essays and addresses on matters national and international in a book called *Looking Forward: What Will the American People Do About It?* (Scribners. 1932. $3). For those who are fascinated by the life of the gorilla, and there are many, Martin Johnson's *Congorilla* (Brewer, Warren & Putnam. 1931. $3.50) will be of more than usual interest. The pictures are particularly good, and the conjunction of pygmies and gorillas in one book is provocative.

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The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*. As for reasons of space ninety percent of the inquiries received cannot be answered in print, a stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

G. D. M., Elmira, N. Y., needs a list of novels about mountain people of the South, "mostly in Kentucky but not all in that district."

THE noblest novel by an American this year is about a mountain woman: "Call Home the Heart," by Fielding Burke (Longmans, Green). Critics commonly cold-blooded are quite likely to become a bit incoherent in finding adjectives for it. Words long under a cloud—that word noble, for one, or even uplifting—and no reviewer really likes to use either of those for a novel, considering the uses to which they have been put. Someone sooner or later is bound to compare it with "The Good Earth," and indeed it is of this type, no more to be hurried than a sunrise, no more to be delayed than the procession of the equinox.

Maristan Chapman's "The Happy Mountain" and "Homeplace" (Viking), which made the Cumberlands a Land of the Blessed for many a Northern reader, have been followed this season by the spirited "The Weather Tree" (Viking). Elizabeth Madox Roberts's "Time of Man" (Viking) is here to stay; "Buried Treasure" (Viking), this year's offering, is a comedietta made out of poverty and the responsibilities of property, light but characteristic. Alberta Pierson Hannum's "Thursday April" (Harper) is about a mountain woman, a buoyant and sympathetic first novel. Erskine Caldwell's "Tobacco Road" (Scribner) is a new novel of poor whites in a foresaken part of Georgia. Putnam will bring out this spring a biography of importance to anyone collecting mountain literature: "Martha Berry: Friend of Southern Highlanders," by Tracy Byers. Another non-fiction book should be in this collection: "The Devil's Brigade," by John Spivak (Brewer, Warren & Putnam), a brilliant record of the fourteen year feud of Hatfields and McCoys; it is a straight story and a model for local history of the melodramatic order. Lucy Furman's stories are based on teaching experience: "The Quare Women," "The Glass Window" and "Lonesome Road" (Little, Brown) should be in any collection of regional American fiction. Melville Davisson Post's "Mountain School Teacher" (Appleton) is a touching life story standing for that of a greater Teacher. The scene of "The Mountainy Singer," by Harry Harrison Kroll (Morrow), is laid in Tennessee. A new novel for younger readers, Genevieve Fox's "Mountain Girl" (Little, Brown) is lifelike (the author taught there) and well-written; the heroine has a hard time to get an education, and the surroundings, scenery, and society are convincing.

To keep the record straight, "Weeds," by Edith Kelley (Harcourt, Brace) is now out of print but no doubt in many libraries; the heroine struggles against bitter difficulties; other out-of-print novels of this section are C. N. Buck's "Iron Will" and "Flight to the Hills" (Doubleday, Doran) and Katharine Grey's "A Little Leaven" (Lippincott), which I remember because the heroine insisted that help must come to the mountains from mountaineers and not from well-meaning and uninformed outsiders. "Tall Tales of the Kentucky Mountains," by Percy Mackaye (Doubleday, Doran), is also out of print. A correspondent lately wondered why so little attention had been paid, comparatively speaking, to a novel of this part of the world, "This Day and Time," which she considered quite exceptional. It is by Anne Armstrong and was published in 1930 by Knopf; its scene is the Blue Ridge mountains of Tennessee, and though it made no great stir, critics did have much good to say; Amy Loveman called it a fine book to be placed beside "The Time of Man" and along with novels like "So Big" and "Barren Ground."

J. A. H., LaSalle Military Academy, Oakdale, N. Y., asks about an eighteenth century periodical called either the Lay Monastery *or the* Lay Monk, *similar in form and content to the* Tatler *and following this and the* Spectator *in point of time. It was the work of Sir Richard Blackmore and John Hughes, London contemporaries* of Addison. I referred this at once to Mr. F. G. Rendall of the Reading Room of the British Museum, who replies:

> The periodical is named *The Lay Monastery: consisting of Essays, Discourses, etc. Publish'd singly under the title of the Lay-monk.* We have in the library both the first and second editions. Both were published in 1714 and are duodecimos, the parts are numbered 1-40, but the pagination is continuous. A substantial account of the work will be found in Johnson's "Lives of the Poets."

D. L. B., Minneapolis, Minn., asks for books on book reviewing, saying that bookshops do not keep these in stock but will get them on order. The most detailed of the various directions for newspaper and magazine reviews are to be found in Brennecke and Clark's "Magazine Article Writing" (Macmillan), of which this subject forms one section. The only book I know with advice on oral reviews is my own "Books as Windows" (Stokes), in which it takes up a chapter. Samuel S. Smith's "Craft of the Critic" (Crowell) is useful but more general in most of its statements and suggestions; it treats of criticism of all types, including the theatre.

LETTERS about children's reading continue to come as a result of the reply to the Detroint father in January; there is nothing that so pulls a response as a chance to tell what a book meant to you in your first reading years. Some of the letters have come from people who have been happily reading for a long while, and one, *A. J., Sioux City, Iowa,* who is in his eighty-fifth year, adds an adventure of the past season. He bought for his granddaughter, for her ninth birthday, Edna St. Vincent Millay's selection of her poetry suitable for children. "I think the notice said it was for boys and girls from twelve to sixteen, but I thought she would soon grow up to it. To my surprise and delight her mother told me that she devoured the verses and that I could not have made a better choice." The book, by the way, is "Edna St. Vincent Millay's Poems, Selected for Young People" (Harper, 1930), and a somewhat intensive and extensive experience with young readers who tell me what they like enables me to reinforce this advice.

L. T., Chapel Hill, Tennessee, asks for information on what the Negro is doing today in literature in the various fields. So much is being done that the bibliography prepared by the 135th Street Branch of the New York Public Library is extensive and enlightening. Arnold Schomburg, from whom this library purchased several years ago his valuable collection of Africana and Negro Americana, has come there this year as Curator of its fine Negro Collection (103 West 135th Street). Mr. Schomburg's research services are available for those who wish to work on this important subject. The branch library's reading list will be sent on application—better send postage.

Recent novels by colored authors include "The Chinaberry Tree," by Jessie Fauset (Stokes), author of "Plum Bun," and "Zeke," by Mary Ovington (Harcourt, Brace). The first has an introduction by Zona Gale and a foreword by the author that should be read to start the book in the right spirit; as to the novel, it is less concerned with racial than with social handicaps, and by choosing one universally recognized, emphasizes that "he moves in a society which has its spheres and alignment as definitely as any other society the world over." "Zeke" is that rare thing, a juvenile about a little colored boy, whose school life is shown as any school life might be. "God Sends Sunday," by Arma Bontemps (Harcourt, Brace), is the record of a midget jockey, lucky at first, then down on his luck, the style being a feature. "Black No More," by George S. Samuel (Macaulay), is a rough and bitter satire; its trend is indicated by its title. Leading Negro poets are represented in "The Book of American Negro Poetry" (Harcourt, Brace), edited by James Weldon Johnson, who gives biographical notes and adds a list of books for collateral reading that this inquirer will find useful.

Vote for the best Boner

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"Tell all that you know about Keats. I don't know anything. I don't even know what they are."

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This column, like the new book which it hails, is dedicated "to one who has been long in city pent."

A plague, then, upon literary fashions: *here's an open-air story with a hero!*

It is called *The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew—A Rolling Stone,* by CHRISTOPHER WARD, ESQUIRE, of Wilmington, Delaware, and is published today for the special benefit of those modern North Americans who are hemmed in by steel and masonry, who are weary of narrow streets, tall buildings, and business conferences. . . .

For such desk-bound romantics (aren't we all?) the robust tradition of SMOLLETT, DEFOE and MARK TWAIN is a refuge beyond price, and by all the caves of Huckleberry Finn and all the flat-bottom boats of the Mississippi River your correspondents swear that beginning today a new name has been added to this noble company—that of CHRISTOPHER WARD, the author of *The Strange Adventures of Jonathan Drew, A Rolling Stone.* ($2.50 at all book stores.)

The Inner Sanctum is willing to place this wager with any open-minded and adventurous reader of this column: Ask your book-seller to show you the book; try page one; you will *have to go on,* and before you realize it you will find yourself on page twenty-two, where a paragraph like this will rivet you for the rest of the romance:

"I was nineteen years old, stood six foot in my stockings and was strong and well built as any man. I knew I had inherited my grandfather's and my father's good looks. I was a Drew all over and proud of it. I had a hundred and twelve dollars in my pocket and a girl waiting for me in Worcester. I shed no tears."

Whiskey then was three cents a glass, highwaymen roamed the roads, the frontier was right around the corner, men got their adventures, and women their thrills, face to face, not in the cathedral of the cinema, or through the crooning of a loud-speaker. . . .

Speaking of adventures and thrills, one of the most titanic Thursdays (phrase copyrighted) in *The Inner Sanctum's* history comes on a Saturday this week, when your correspondents launch *The History of the Russian Revolution,* by Leon Trotsky, translated from the original Russian by MAX EASTMAN. Any man can make history. Only a genius can write it. LEON TROTSKY has done both.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

A CONTRIBUTION to a recent issue of *The American Architect,* photographs and text being by *Charles Phelps Cushing,* presents a layman's fantasy of the towers of New York. Here is the Bush Building in West 42nd Street whose lighted summit is compared to the "Casket of the Sleeping Beauty," the Bankers' Trust Building downtown capped with a Pyramid from Egypt, the top of the New York Central Building like the "Top of a Gilded Birdcage," and the spire of the Chrysler like a "Giant Asparagus Stalk." These are all good and apt similes, though we have also thought of the Chrysler spire as a silver swordfish. The American Radiator tower, incidentally, is to Mr. Cushing "A Pile of Coal, Glowing at the Top." We shall keep these pictures and comments by us for a long time, as we are one of the ardent devotees of Manhattan's high buildings. . . .

Alfred H. P. Sayers has written to us from Chicago, sending the following tribute to a remarkable librarian:

> In the recent death of *Miss Sarah C. N. Bogle,* a high official of the American Library Association at Chicago for some years past, the library profession and those interested in the wider distribution of good books have sustained a great loss. Miss Bogle, during the period that she headed the Library School of the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh from 1911 to 1920, made that school the foremost training ground for children's librarians in the country. Later in her work abroad as head of the American Library School at Paris from 1924 to 1929 she did a great deal to foster international coöperation in librarianship. A strong and capable soul has gone out from among us; her counsel will be sorely missed, and her memory will long remain green among those who were acquainted with her useful life and solid achievement. . . .

We wish to call attention to *Folk-Say: A Regional Miscellany,* published by the Oklahoma Press at Norman. This magazine is looking for manuscripts which should be in the hands of the editor, *B. A. Botkin,* the University of Oklahoma, by April fifteenth. Stories, dialogues, plays, essays, long poems or sequences of poems are in demand. The interest is in the mutual relationship of the land and the people. *Folk-Say* does not pay for contributions. . . .

To announce *Earl Chapin May's* new book on "The Circus. From Rome to Ringling," Duffield & Green have got out a most attractive broadside, bright orange in color, in imitation of the old circus handbills. The publication date of the book will be March 28th. Mr. May is the son of a circusman and was brought up in the traditions of resin-backed horses, white-faced clowns, peanuts, pink lemonade, and billowing big tops. . . .

Dale Warren of Houghton Mifflin sends us some publicity about a book he says is "one of the best novels I have read in a month of Sundays." It is "Czardas: A Story of Budapest," written by *Jeno Heltai* and translated by *Warre B. Welss.* It shows the conflict of a sensitive man with the stress, strain, and havoc of the modern world. Its imaginative force, it is said, puts it in the same vital tradition of European letters as the novels of *Thomas Mann* and *Marcel Proust.* . . .

Joseph Conrad firmly refused to write on a Chippendale desk which was in *Ford Madox Ford's* home at Winchelsea, Ford tells us in "Return to Yesterday." The desk had been given to Ford's father by *Thomas Carlyle,* and "Conrad used to pretend that if he wrote at a desk on which 'The French Revolution' had been composed, it would ruin his style!" . . .

Archibald MacLeish's latest poem which Houghton Mifflin will release this month, is the story of the conquest of Mexico, the material being taken from the official history of the Conquest by Bernal Diaz del Castillo. It is full of superb things, the most remarkable piece of work MacLeish has yet done. . . .

There are still reverberations from our publication of *Frances Frost's* poem on the Park Avenue Cat. *Alice Boorman Williamson* writes from Washington, D.C.,

> The delightful cat poem published awhile back reminds me of a catty effusion (unpublished) of my own, of a very different type, being perhaps more classical, if not more classy. I append it herewith:
>
> *MOST AMUSING*
> *My neighbor's cat across the way*
> *A predilection has for Greek;*
> *A leaning one would almost say*
> *Must be unique.*
>
> *Doubt not my strict veracity,*
> *For I can prove my words are true:*
> *She often comes and talks to me*
> *And says: "mu mu." . . .*

Lewis Carroll's one hundredth anniversary was celebrated on January 27th. E. P. Dutton & Company publish "The Collected Verse of Lewis Carroll," and also have an "Alice in Wonderland" illustrated by *Willy Pogany.* The introduction to the former, written by *Professor John Francis McDermott,* studies Lewis Carroll as satirist and *Charles Lutwidge Dodgson* as a dull Victorian mathematician. In connection with the centenary, *Laura Benét* has written for us the following tribute to one of Lewis Carroll's greatest characters:

WHITE QUEEN
(Written for the Lewis Carroll Centenary)

Lunatic monarch, to our dire dismay
"Jam yesterday" is your decree;
And "jam tomorrow" there may be,
But never "jam today."

Bless your wild genius! I would madly hurry
To meet you on a walk—
Through jungles of your topsy-turvy talk
Adore to hear you scurry.

You cannot clarify one thought, poor dear;
Yet what is normal thought?
Judgment is set at naught
When nimble nonsense whispers in our ear.

Reign, questioning and clever—
Midget, in mirth created,
Perpetually belated
And wrestling with your shawl and crown forever! . . .

We wonder when *Thurston Macauley's* eating and drinking anthology, "The Festive Board,"is to appear from Scribner's? The title of the book strikes in us a responsive chord. Besides, the Macauleys have a cat whose name is *Orlando* because he has *twice* changed his sex! He is also called *Peter Whiffle* after *Carl Van Vechten,* and he has lovely whiskers. . . .

W. Theodor Johnson informs us from Memphis, Tennessee, that he came across the following passage in a book far too much disregarded today, the "Familiar Letters of James Howell." It is from the forty-sixth letter, the sixth section, volume two of Houghton Mifflin's edition of 1907:

> There be few whom Mercury, the father of miracles, doth favour. The Queen of Sheba and the King crowned with fire are not propitious to many. He that hath water turned to ashes hath the magistracy and the true philosopher's stone. There be few of those. There be some that commit fornications in chemistry by heterogeneous and sophistical citrinations, but they never come to the Phœnix' Nest.
>
> I know you have your share of wisdom, therefore I confess it a presumption in me to give you counsel. So I rest your most faithful servitor, J. H.
>
> Westminster, 1 February 1638.

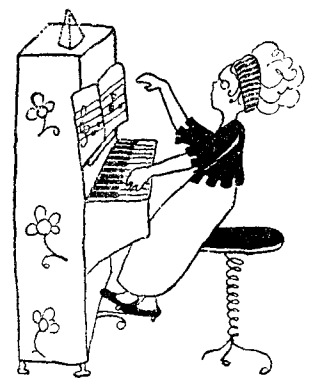
A possible moral, says Mr. Johnson, is for us not to be so heterogenous; but as we see it that is just the sort of fodder we should give you. . . .

Edgar White Burrill, Founder and Director of Literary Vespers—Glad they're not Italian!—thinks we did him an injustice sometime ago, when we spoke of his play, "Master Skylark," and said that mention should have been made of *John Bennett* who wrote the original book. Mr. Burrill's play was made by permission, we understand, and with the full coöperation of John Bennett, who receives half of all royalties. Perhaps we should have blamed the Century Company for the omission of any reference to John Bennett; and perhaps they, in turn, omitted the reference because they also publish Mr. Bennett's novel, "Master Skylark," and thought it unnecessary.

THE PHŒNICIAN.

The AMEN CORNER

"Now strike the Golden Lyre again
A lowder yet, and yet lowder Strain."[1]



"In the new prosperity which will follow our present disillusionment, music and the other arts, with proper direction, will flourish as they never have before in this country," declares Mr. Augustus Delafield Zanzig, Director of Music of the National Recreation Association, in his new book *Music in American Life.*

He has just finished a two-year survey of the musical life of ninety-seven representative towns and cities, and thinks that the American public is more enlightened musically and has better musical taste than ever before. This book should disprove once and for all the theory sometimes put forward that American interest in music is limited to paid performances by foreign artists.

We have always felt that the sure sign of the really musical person is that he likes popular music as well as what is generally called classical music. Mr. Zanzig confirms this opinion. "The most harmful obstacle to our musical progress," he declares, "has been the common idea that all music, musicians and music-lovers are either high-brow or low-brow, classical or popular, and 'never the twain shall meet.'" He has written a book which is not only a survey, but a manual of practical suggestions.

One practical suggestion which we should like to make is that all young people musically inclined should be provided with *The Complete Book of Great Musicians,*[2] by Percy A. Scholes and Will Earhart. So popular in America were the English versions of these books that Mr. Scholes invited Dr. Earhart, Director of Music for the Board of Education of Pittsburgh, to rewrite them for America and include a large section dealing with American composers. The illustrations will attract the attention of all young readers and the style will hold it.

We can't mention all of Mr. Scholes's delightful books on music, but we will mention his latest—*A Miniature History of Opera.*[3] "Opera," declares Mr. Scholes, "is a 'rum thing' and as such takes some explaining." But explain it he does in an interesting little outline beginning with "The Opera before the Opera" and going down to "Opera in the American colonies and in the United States."

No wise music-lover misses an addition to the *Musical Pilgrim Series,*[4] which are bound in paper and can be slipped in your pocket. Four new titles have just come out. And our friend Musicus Viator would never forgive us if we failed to mention that a fourth volume (on "Symphonies, Overtures, Concertos") has been added to that rich little series, *The Concert-Goer's Library of Descriptive Notes,*[5] by Rosa Newmarch.

Speaking of libraries, no musical library will be complete without *The Art of Accompaniment from a Thorough-Bass,*[6] by F. T. Arnold. In the XVIIth and XVIIIth Centuries an accompaniment founded on a *Basso continuo* was generally a necessary part of every musical performance. Consequently, to anyone who understands playing from a figured Bass an immense store-house of music is opened up which can be enjoyed in no other way.

One word more. Cecil Grey, whose *Survey of Contemporary Music*[7] you undoubtedly own, thinks that Sibelius "will ultimately prove to have been, not only the greatest of his generation, but one of the major figures in the entire history of music." He admits it is "an extreme and challenging statement"; but he has written a book to prove it.[8] Get it!

THE OXONIAN.

Our Book-of-the-Month: *Music in American Life,* by Augustus Delafield Zanzig. $3.50.

(1) John Dryden's Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Musique, 1697 (Type-facsimile Reprints.) $2.00. (2) In three parts, $1.25 each. In one volume, $3.00. (3) 75c. (4) 75c each. (5) 4 vols., $1.50 each. (6) $40.00. (7) $2.50. (8) $2.50.

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THERE are three kinds of bibliographies: good, bad, and indifferent. The indifferent far outnumber the good and the bad—this is a hazy generalization but a safe one, based on the expectation of error in any sublunar enterprise. But indifferent bibliographies enjoy one advantage which many indifferent undertakings do not—they are better than none. Even the bad bibliographies are better than none, unless they are utterly, irretrievably and irremediably bad. It is this side absurdity for a bad bibliography to be wholly wrong. And it is a little further this side absurdity for a good bibliography to be wholly right.

The bibliographer's trinity of requisites for his task are a modicum (at least) of knowledge of the mechanics of book production, familiarity with his special subject, and some measure of enthusiasm for that subject. This enthusiasm need not amount to blind or even one-eyed adoration. A bookseller, for instance, can hardly afford, for his own good and for his worth as a public benefactor, to bow down to a single god, yet booksellers have produced some of the most serviceable bibliographies that are available to the rapt devotee. The reason behind the badness of much bad bibliography is that many bibliographers bring to their task only the last of these three requisites, and if one requisite must be dispensed with, the last is the one. There was recently issued in England a "bibliography" of a living English author the compiler of which marveled at the signature marks which he found at regular intervals throughout the text (he even failed to notice that they occurred at regular intervals). Doctors, lawyers, motorists and peddlers must have licenses; firemen, policemen, letter-carriers, soldiers, sailors and marines must pass certain examinations. But bibliographers need not to be licensed or to undergo examinations. Paper, pen, ink, access to a few books, and the itch to be at it—these sometimes are the sole weapons in their armories, and therewith, paradoxically, they can inflict greater havoc than if they were fully accoutred.

The reason for the badness of much bad bibliography is that the compiler is performing his disservice only to pleasure himself. Such concentrated subjectivity, in some departments of human activity, produces beneficent results—Coleridge did not write "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" as an S. P. C. A. tract. And out of this negative the general positive thesis can be advanced that a bibliography is likely to be accurate and serviceable according to the intelligent measure to which the compiler plans it with a certain clearly defined audience in view.

That audience, in perfect instances, should be broad enough to include the student (casual or concentrated), the collector, and the bookseller. The two last may be on different sides of the fence, but it is the same fence. The collector as collector (to distinguish him from the collector as reader) is interested in externals, in the romantic husks of books. He already knows, or should know, their withins, and he consults his bibliography in order to know their withouts.

It is safe to venture another generalization: that the utility of a bibliography is likely to increase according to the breadth of its plan. The bibliography designed purely for the collector is apt to be the poorer bibliography. It is not quite so safe to carry this premise to its logical conclusion; namely, that the closer a bibliography approaches serviceability to a general audience, the better bibliography it should be. Yet it is possible to cite excellent bibliographies that are at the same time books to be read almost as much as they are books merely to be consulted. Stuart Mason's bibliography of Oscar Wilde (published in London in 1914, a post-war and probably propter-war remainder, and now a reasonably scarce and deservedly sought-for manual) is such a book. Comprising some six-hundred pages, it is as exhaustive as skill and research could make it, and it is so copiously documented that it can be dipped into with zest and relish even by one whose carotid trips no faster at sight of the first edition of "The Ballad of Reading Gaol" than at sight of the tenth.

Any properly compiled bibliography offers a superb conspectus of the development of the fledgling scribbler into an authentic spokesman of his day—offers a more significant, comprehensive, and comprehensible panorama of his growth than does the most ample and painstaking biography. Where more graphically than in Mrs. Livingston's compilation can one trace the Kipling of "Schoolboy Lyrics" to the Kipling of "The Jungle Books" and "Kim?" A glance through Evans presents an admirable lightning-flash survey of the cultural growth of America to the end of Washington's presidency. The curious posthumous Odysseys of Thoreau's manuscripts transcend in romantic interest any chronicle of the external incidents of his life, and any Thoreau biographer who goes into the story must thereby innocently encroach on a field already properly pre-empted by Allen's bibliography. A good bibliography is itself a biography—not merely a birth-record of books, but a life-history of books that have put on immortality.

J. T. W.

A Rare Book

The Thousandth Coxton Head Catalogue, apropos the rare first edition of "The Boke of Common Prayer" which it lists, says: "The first Prayer Book of Edward VI was issued in several editions and issued by Whitchurch and Grafton in 1549. This retained much of the nomenclature of the old religion such as altar, Mass, Priest, etc., and in other respects was not satisfactory to the reforming spirits of the age. During 1551, and possibly in 1550, a Commission appointed not by Parliament or by Convocation but deriving its authority from the King, drew up a revision of the Book of Common Prayer on more Protestant lines. It was presented to the House of Commons, and on the 15th April, 1552, an Act was passed for the uniformity of public worship on the lines of the revised Book which was annexed to the Act. Immediately on the passing of the Act the Second Prayer Book of Edward VI was sent to the press. Edward Whitchurch and Richard Grafton were each ordered to print editions. Printing (and presumably publishing) went on until late in September, when the Privy Council sent a letter to the printers (on the 26th) ordering them to refrain from uttering more copies until certain faults had been corrected. This was evidently done on instruction from some higher authority, as on the 27th Oct. the Privy Council ordered a letter to be sent to the Lord Chancellor to cause to be joined into the Book of Common Prayer lately set forth a certain Declaration signed by the King's Majesty touching the kneeling at the receiving of the Communion. (Steele, Tudor and Stuart Proclamations, I, 417, Acts Privy Council IV, 154). As, by the Act of Uniformity, the new book was ordered to come into use by All Saints Day (Nov. 1) there can be very little doubt that the majority of copies had been distributed by the end of October, and these of course lacked the new Declaration. The printers on receipt of the order from the Lord Chancellor printed the Declaration (ever after known as the Black Rubric) on a single leaf, inserted it in all copies of the Book then in stock, and no doubt attempted to distribute it to previous purchasers. As a result only one or two copies are known to exist, but for historical purposes a facsimile copy is generally added to the few copies of the Prayer Book that are known. In later issues of the 1552 folio (the quartos all probably belong to 1553) the Black Rubric is printed in the text at the end of the Communion Service.

"It is difficult to decide which is the first issue out of the two editions and perhaps six issues by Whitchurch, but the point may be made that the issue with the collation running to CC8 is certainly later than the issue running to BB12, as a copy of the former exists in the British Museum with the Black Rubric in the text. Further it might be said that a copy without the Black Rubric at all belongs to the first issue prior to Oct. 27, 1552. The collation of the present copy runs as follows: $a^{6}b^{6}a^{2}A^{6}$—$R^{8}S^{6}AA^{8}BB^{12}$, and therefore belongs to the earlier issue. It does not possess the leaf of the Black Rubric, but a facsimile has been inserted. It, however, has the two leaves containing the Act of Uniformity, which are even rarer than the Book itself.

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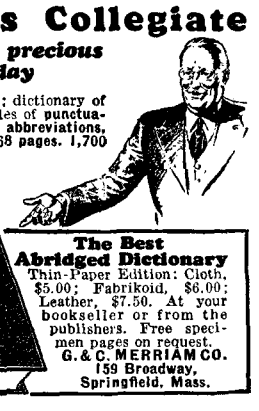

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